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THE LOTTERY IS SUPPRESSED,

BUT THE RACE-COURSE IS STILL OPEN TO THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

LIVES a double life—the contortionist.

GETS down to work—the pillow maker.

THE quail has begun to respond to the toast of the season.

THE world is full of missing men. That is to say, bad marksmen.

DANGEROUS counterfeit—a counter fitted with a spring gun for burglars.

A "PULL" is a good thing to have in New York, except in the case of a razor.

A NEW and becoming style of cape for spinsters is called Cape of Good Hope.

"I WANT ally-money," said the wife of a bowling saloon keeper, when she sued him for divorce.

THE author of Five Years with a Congo Cannibal must have given the poor heathen a terrible case of indigestion.

SOME American colleges would never be heard of if the students didn't cut up occasionally and do something outrageous.

IT takes a bright girl to make a correct guess. "I guess you are going to kiss me," said one of them to a bashful beau, and she was right.

IT isn't agreeable to hand one of your jokes to the foreman of the composing room, and have him ask, "How many times is this to go in?"

ELI PERKINS being asked a suitable line to place on the tombstone of a man who had been in the grate business, suggested, "Joined the grate majority."

"WHAT is that boy out after?" growled Poots when he noted the absence of his young hopeful at the supper table. "Out after night," replied Mrs. Poots with a sigh.

THERE is great consternation among the admirers of Gambetta because his heart has been lost. It was through losing his heart that Gambetta came to his death.

A CHANGE of site for the Fair is what many Chicagoans are clamoring for. But a sight of change will be required to make the Fair a success, and where is it coming from?

SINCE a Philadelphia judge has decided that the Kreutzer Sonata is not sufficiently naughty to warrant interference with its sale on the streets of that city, demand for it has greatly declined.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, stern and dignified as he likes to appear, can unbend a little occasionally. Once a popular low comedian proposed a combination with him, which he declined. "It would have been a happy illustration," said the tragedian in relating it, "of Grin and Barrett."



Realize what they've lost?

Such is our life; we all are maskers,
Playing a dual part;
Losing our gems and finding pebbles;
Quarreling with our heart.
Will it not be for patient angels
Quite a perplexing task,
Straightening crooks and smoothing wrinkles
When we at last unmask?

M. A. B.

THEY OBJECT TO BEN.

Chicago will never be out of hot water concerning the Columbian Fair. The latest firebrand was hurled into the brush heap when Ben Butterworth, Secretary of the Fair, made a speech regarding it, injecting into his harangue a considerable quantity of Republican politics. Republicans are serene over it, but Democrats and Democratic newspapers are greatly exercised. But if they have Ben for Secretary they must take him as he is, frank and outspoken.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

As the autumn days pass by, as the fields of ripened grain, the woods bathed in red and golden glory, the life-giving atmosphere, all proclaim that winter days are surely coming, there are two objects standing out in bold relief, that strike one's attention. One is a highly excited, crimson-faced woman, in an old dress and her head tied up in a faded shawl, working with three-horse power energy to house her plants before a frost, a killing frost, shall nip their leaves; and the other is a desperate, profanity-shedding man, floundering about among the disordered pots, vainly endeavoring to navigate a no-thoroughfare of countless plants with horrid, unpronounceable names and land them in the cellar.

A RECOUNT FOR NEW YORK.

The recount by the police which is now proceeding in New York will not affect the census enumeration made under the superintendence of Colonel Porter. Very likely, there are more people in the city now than there were during the summer, when the census was taken; very probably, there will be more people here in October than during September; but that does not interfere with the facts of the official count. Congress fixed the date, and the census enumerators had to take down the names of those who were present then. If many of us were absent in Europe, at the seaside, in the country, that is our misfortune, and not Colonel Porter's fault. The police count cannot legally be accepted by Congress; but Colonel Porter has volunteered to add any names that can be proven to have been omitted from his census. This is more than fair—it is very generous to New York—and it ought to end all the silly mutterings about the population of this city, or any other city, being designedly kept down for political purposes.

ERRY MASK-ERS.

Out on the lawn the masqueraders
Join in the moonlight dance;
Many an unheard word is spoken;
Lost is many a glance.
Who can divide the real from fancied?
Tell what the missed word cost?
Who, of the dancers, many, merry,

FOOL SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Two school principals in Brooklyn have discovered that Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" is an improper poem for children to read, and advise that it be expurgated from school readers. This because the Ship is represented as a young bride received into the arms of that gay old bridegroom, the Ocean. If the fact that there are brides and bridegrooms was sedulously kept from boys and girls, they would of course never know anything about it. If there is anything calculated to arouse prurient thoughts in the minds of the young it is the action of such fool school teachers as the above.

A NEW DEAL.

It is understood that the gambling clubs at Long Branch and Saratoga are to be run upon a new basis, next summer. Whenever they get short of money they are to appeal to the Secretary of the Treasury to advance them the interest upon their United States bonds, not due for a year or two, and to buy up all their four per cent. bonds at two or three points above the market price, so that they can recoup themselves by a quick turn in Wall street. By this arrangement, the gamblers will always be properly staked and the public will be out of pocket whether they win or lose at the gambling clubs. President Harrison signs the order permitting this advance to gamblers with one hand and the anti-lottery bill with the other, and then falls upon the neck of son Russell and exclaims, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth—that's Scripture, dear boy!"

DISCOURAGING TO THE DRAMA.

Every autumn a host of theatrical companies "take the road" expecting to open up gold mines, and it isn't long before many of them need the road to walk home on. The road is strewn with wrecks long before the leaves have ceased to fall. And so it is that we read announcements like the following: "The Balloon" has collapsed. "Far from Home" didn't get farther from home than Mount Vernon, and now it is trying to get back again. "Jumping a Board Bill" jumped once too often in New Jersey, and the company is in jail. The scenery and effects of the "Who Speaks First" combination is up at sheriff's sale, and will be knocked down to who speaks last. "Open House" has closed its doors at the Podunk Opera House. "Fired Out" was treated to its name in Bounceville, Kansas. "The Safe" combination, that started to play in Texas, has not been heard from in some days. The combination is supposed to be lost. "Held by Savages" is now held by the sheriff. A "Roughing It" company in Pennsylvania is hoofing it home. The manager of "On His Last Legs" is in a Denver hospital for incurables.

"ALL hands at the pumps!" was the cry in the shoe shop, when those peculiar feet coverings were the fashion.



SYMPATHETIC, VERY.

JAWKINS (as the sprinkling-cart, with a sudden stop, squirts all over his friend)—I say, Jabez, isn't it pretty late in the season for you to stop at a watering-place?

ANCIENT MAGICIANS AND MODERN POLITICIANS.

Magicians in the days of old
They say possessed the power
Of turning aught they touched to gold
Within that very hour.
Politicians of these modern times
A different result bring;
Touch them with gold and you will find
They'll turn to anything.

A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

One day a lisping little girl ran into the house and said to her mother: "Look, mother, what I found on the thidewalk, a pair of thitherth."

Sure enough, she had found a pair of scissors, and her mother patted her on the head and told her what a good little girl she was to bring the scissors home.

The little girl was praised so much for her deed that she was beguiled into saying: "I thaw five or thix other pairth of thizzerth on the thidewalk, but I thought I wouldn't pick 'em up."

Then the little girl had to be whipped for lying.

THEATRICAL NOTE.

Little Johnny—I say, pa, what does a "star" mean?
Pa (who is an actor and has starred)—It is an abbreviation of starvation, my son.



"THE MAGIC OF A NAME."

LITTLE TOMMY TUFF—I can't see why the Members of Congress should be all called M. C.'s.
MICK MCGONIGLE—Huh! Der Mc's allers has der best show fui an office!

It is not so destructive for robbers to go through a train as it is for a train to go through a bridge.

Adam never knew what a circus was, at least, not until Eve came and introduced him to one. True, there was a big menagerie all around, but the animals were tame—lions and lambs lying down together in the most spiritless concord, and hippopotamuses and kittens playing with each other in an amicable manner. Even the snake didn't appear until some time after, when apples were ripe, in The Fall.

And little Adam knew nothing about base-ball, though his son Cain got up a Club later on, which went against his brother Abel.

While there were so many things that Adam missed as a boy, life was not without its compensations. There was no other boy to cheat him out of his marbles, or steal his top, or jeer at him because his clothes didn't fit him, or holler across the street that he had "a letter in the post-office" when his trousers were torn, or make faces at his sister, or spell him down, or tell on him in school, or beat him out of his sweetheart.

He hadn't any brothers and sisters to tease him, or to divide his playthings and sweetmeats with. He could leave a stick of candy lying around anywhere, and at night, on retiring, could stick his gum on the headboard, in the tranquil confidence that he would find it there in the morning.

Whatever tribulations his matrimonial life may have brought him—and us—there is a kind of satisfaction in reflecting that Adam's boyhood at least was exceptionally free from care.

G.



IS THIS A FACT?

MR. POMPOUS—Here you, Pomp, I hear you will vote the Democratic ticket.
POMPEY—Yes, Massa; sho's yo' bo'n.
You nigger! Why don't you support the party that freed the slaves?
I s'po't de pahty dat gives me de ness'arys ob life, sah.
Ham and whisky?
Yissah.

A RIVAL OF JOHNSTON.

Judge (to burglar)—It has been proven that you made a burglarious entrance into a jewelry store on Broadway and forced the safe open. What defense have you to offer?

Burglar—Please your honor, I am not a burglar, I'm a mind-reader. It was a combination safe and I opened it blindfolded, on a bet.

Judge—Well, I'll bet you don't open any more for a good while. Safes are safer with such men as you in Sing Sing.

AS THEY STATED IT.

Funnyman—A fine pair of bays you have there, Mr. Horsey; raised in Massachusetts, I suppose.

Horsey—Why do you suppose they were raised in Massachusetts?

Massachusetts is the Bay State, isn't it?

To see you bestraddle a nag, Mr. Funnyman, one would take you for a Green Mountin' Boy.

ADAM'S BOYHOOD.

Adam was as mischievous as boys generally are, probably. Darwin says he was "a perfect little monkey," which, I believe, is a synonym for mischief the world over. But unfortunately for Adam, he had no comrade in his gambols. What fun could he have ringing door-bells at night or skylarking around all by himself? He might whistle and sound discordant calls after dark, but no other little boy would come dashing around the corner to join him.

I can imagine little Adam, plated with human nature two inches thick, looking about for some way in which to divert himself, and whimpering, "Can't have any fun!" Of course he couldn't have any fun, such as boys like. No fun running away from school, 'cause school hadn't been invented. No fun stealing away to "go in swimmin'," all alone by himself. He couldn't play "tag," for he might yell, "I've got the tag" all day and there would be no other boy to come and try to take it away from him. "High-spy" had little charm for him, because a boy soon gets tired of hiding when he is compelled to find himself.



CHARGES ACCORDING TO DIAGNOSIS.

PILLTAKER—Twenty dollars! Too much, Doctor, altogether too much. Why, it was only a headache.

DR. PILLGIVER—I know it, but I diagnosed the case as incipient brain fever. My bills are made out according to my own judgment.

CLEANING THE STREETS.



IT IS inevitable that when there are more than a million and a half of men and other beasts of burden gathered together as there are in New York, there will be much dirt, and as modern civilization has begotten a prejudice against dirt, somebody has to clean it away. Of the nature of the prejudice it is hardly worth while to speak, though it would not be hard to argue plausibly that it is a foolish one. Some philosopher says that dirt is nothing but misplaced matter, and the proposition cannot be disputed. Cleaning New York, then, means simply gathering together and disposing of the matter that has become displaced.

It is a tremendous job. Yet if all that is out of place should be removed, much would be missed that goes to make the city what it is. The city only undertakes to remove dirt from the streets. This of itself costs from a million and a quarter to a million and a half every year. It is said that in ancient Jerusalem every man cleaned over against his own house, but judging from modern conditions Jerusalem could not have been a clean place in any degree.

Many plans for removing this dirt have been tried. One ingenious device I remember used to be employed, which had the merit of simplicity and economy, but it proved very unsatisfactory. There was a hard struggle going on at the time; on the part of those who handled the public money to save all they could out of the appropriations. The public never got the benefit of the savings, but as little as possible was spent, and somebody benefited by the economy. It was therefore the practice to sweep up the street dirt and leave it in neat little piles arranged at intervals along the sides of the street until the wind should arise and blow it away. I remember the economists were quite angry when the public refused to be satisfied.

There was another method, as wise as that was foolish, which was defeated by official disapprobation, although the public approved it heartily. It was to gather the refuse together, and after disposing of what was valuable, to burn the residue in a strong draught furnace specially constructed for the purpose. This proved to be too sensible and too cheap for the official mind, and the primitive and costly fashion now in vogue was adopted again. To-day as clumsy and extravagant a method is practiced as could easily be devised.

An army of laborers is employed to sweep the street dirt into heaps. In this work they are assisted by numerous sweeping machines, which are huge wagons with rotary brooms underneath. These are geared diagonally to the wheels so as to revolve in an opposite direction to them, and to throw the dirt in rows toward the gutters. These rows are swept or scraped by hand work into heaps, and shoveled into small one-horse carts. Then the dirt is carried to the nearest dump, and placed on a scow.

At the dumps, of which the city has several, and on the scows, of which there are a multitude, the picturesque features of the work are to be found. There is little of the picturesque about the sweeping excepting here and there the spectacle of a tottering old man, too weak for any other work who can still earn daily wages with a hoe or a broom. Years ago these laborers were in the majority, and the broom brigade was a disgrace by reason of feebleness, but this abuse is in great part corrected now.

On the dumps there is an army of laborers em-

ployed, not by the city, but by a contractor who pays the city something over a thousand dollars a week for the privilege of picking up whatever can be found of value enough to keep, out of the refuse. A great, big, white stone ought to be erected in front of the City Hall in honor of this instance of municipal thrift. It is unique. To be sure, a great deal more money might be taken in, in similar fashion, for a great part of the refuse is valuable—perhaps a half of it. Long Island farmers want it for a fertilizer. Some of them have offered to buy it and carry it away, but they cannot get it and they cannot find out why they cannot.

But in the refuse there are great quantities of broken metal, glass, paper, rags, bones and other material which is of value when gathered in bulk. It is this stuff that the contract laborers gather up. Of course each one of them expects to find a gold watch, or a diamond ring, or a winning lottery ticket every other day, but I never heard of any of them getting rich at it, though valuable things, it is said, are occasionally found. The contractor never gets hold of them, nor is there any well-authenticated instance of their being returned to the original owners.

These laborers are Italians of that grade from which a man would naturally seek for employes to pick up dirt. They are gaudy of apparel, swarthy and fierce in appearance, voluble in speech, and animated in action outside of their labor. Men and women alike overhaul the unsavory mass of stuff that is to be gotten rid of, and pick up the trifles they are paid to find.

The city's work is not delayed for them. They have merely the privilege of looking as they can catch chances. The cart-loads are brought to the dumps, and there the huge scows are laden. When four or five

and antiquated, but it is the best that New York has been able to get for keeping down the accumulation of filth.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

SAUSAGES AND ART.

"Could we not set off our sausages against the works of the Italian old masters?" naively asked our esteemed and chipper co-moulder, the New York Evening Post. Of course you could. You can set off fire-works against them if you wish, or do anything else of a light, jocose character with the hidden purpose of casting a slur upon Mr. Blaine's notions of reciprocity. But when Mr. Blaine announced those notions he meant business, and they are based on those well known Christian principles which dominate business in Hoboken, Europe and Oshkosh. And this is the great business period of the country's history. The Post should not object. It should not sneer. How long ago was it that the editor of the Post swapped a subscription to his literary efforts for some fresh-laid eggs? These half century aristocrats in this country do put on such airs!

FROM PULPIT TO POLITICS.

When the clergymen of New York engage in politics, as they are doing this fall, they remind us of women in the hardware business, or a man trying to open a champagne bottle with his teeth. They seem out of place and in danger. And what does the average pastor know about war? They may be able from experience to conduct a bloody polemical fight, but the dog-eat-dog characteristics of the free American election fights are beyond their Christian ken. The New York pastors may pray this fall with honest hearts and make gestures with willing hands, but that will not redeem the town this year, any way. New York City is not to be redeemed at once by faith cure. Even homeopathy is not the thing, we think. A city politically sick needs an able and vigorous allopath.

WHAT BEES LIVE ON.

Teacher—What do bees live on?

Boy—Revenge.

How do you make that out?

Well, revenge is sweet, ain't it? Bees live on sweets.

WHERE IT HAPPENED.

Little Johnny—Pa, where was it that Christopher Columbus made the egg stand on end?

Pa—I don't know, my child.

Little Johnny—Wasn't it in Egg Harbor?

HIS REWARD.

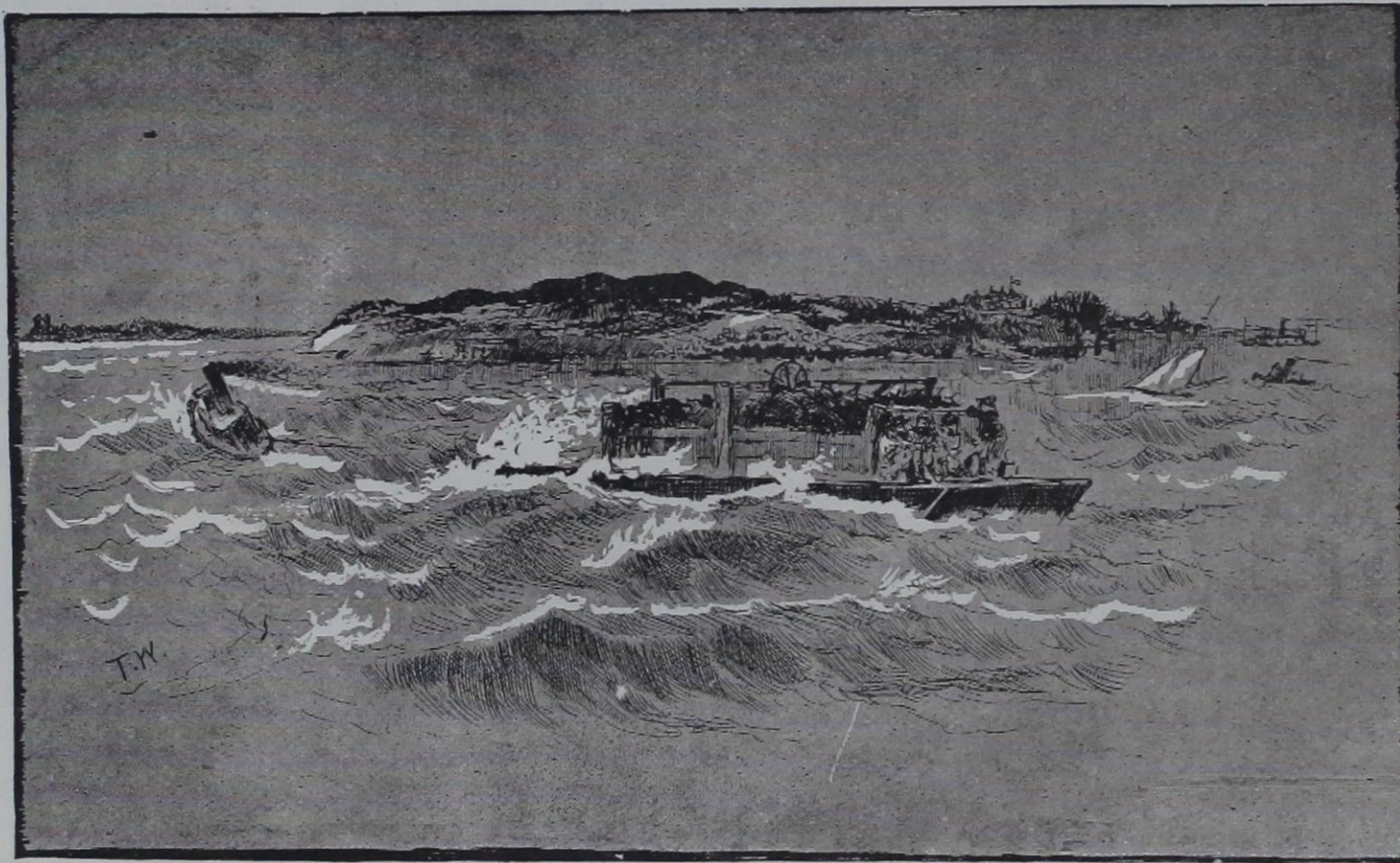
Sniggs—Brash was a bad man in his youth. What became of him?

Jiggs—Went West and became a precedent of his country.

Did! What party?

Lynch party.

No matter how deaf a man may be elsewhere, he can always have a hearing in court.



Carrying the dirt out to sea.

of them are ready they are taken in tow by a tug-boat and towed out to sea, where the rubbish that might be burned in some by-place, or sold in the city, is shoveled overboard.

A long and bitter fight has been carried on to prevent this dumping being done in the harbor. A scow-load more or less in the deep, broad bay that is the real foundation of New York's greatness, would make no appreciable difference, but an indefinite multiplication of such scow-loads would ruin the harbor. Stringent laws were therefore passed and the harbor is vigilantly guarded to prevent such dumping. Formerly it was considered enough to send the scows outside, and as a consequence the Long Island shore was strewn with the filth which the sea refused to keep. This brought another kick of the most recalcitrant description from the dwellers on that shore, so now it is not lawful to throw rubbish overboard within six miles of shore, or at any time excepting on the flood of the tide.

The whole system is cumbersome, costly,



The New York Broom Brigade.



Are you not surprised when you read almost every week of Custom House officers seizing diamonds in the possession of passengers arriving from England? It is surprising to some people when they think of how easy it is to conceal diamonds on a passenger's person, and how few passengers' pockets or clothes are ever searched. They wonder what extraordinary intuition, experience, or power of mind-reading must the Custom House officers possess to enable them to pick out the man who has diamonds in his boot heel, and the woman with the lace padded bosom and the glove filled bustle.

The explanation of the seemingly miraculous detective ability of the Custom officers is very simple. Everything they seize except what they find in trunks is seized "on information received."

The average human being is disposed to boast of his possessions. The man who is taciturn, exclusive and secretive when at home becomes loquacious and confidentially communicative with strangers whenever he goes down to the sea in ships. To newly-made acquaintances he will exhibit his diamonds, and the woman of the same disposition will show her laces, and they will boast of how they are going to carry them ashore so as to avoid the eagle eye of the revenue officers.

We who have traveled much know how soon on a voyage we get to know a great deal of the private affairs of dozens and dozens of people of whose existence we were ignorant when we started.

If the special custom house agent aboard—who travels *incog*—does not learn of the diamonds from the loose tongue of the person smuggling them, he hears of them from some other passenger; or, as often happens, an envious passenger will secretly point out the smuggler to the first Custom House examiner he meets when the steamer reaches the dock.

The moral of this is, if you want to beat our Uncle Sam, keep your mouth shut, and don't make an ostentatious display of dutiable goods aboard.

* *

When our own Chauncey Depew goes to Europe every summer we are pleased with the manner in which he is received. We are proud of the fact that he is acknowledged to be a representative American, for no more creditable representative of our country could be sent abroad.

In every act for which he is responsible, and in every word he says, he upholds the dignity and adds lustre to the name of the people of the United States.

To-day another celebrated citizen of our country sails for England. Depew represents the brains and the capital of the New World. The man I refer to—Joseph Howard, Jr.—represents the brains of the American press, and the American press represents the thought and progress of a people who in the world's history have had no equal.

As this paper of ours—TEXAS SIFTINGS—is published simultaneously in the United States and in England, I want to make a few remarks about "Joe" as a sort of introduction to him in London.

His name is Joseph, but except in his burial permit, or perhaps in a warrant for his arrest on a charge of lending an acquaintance \$10 when he should have shown him the door, I do not think that the broad-minded, large-hearted Howard will ever be spoken or written of as anything else than "Joe."

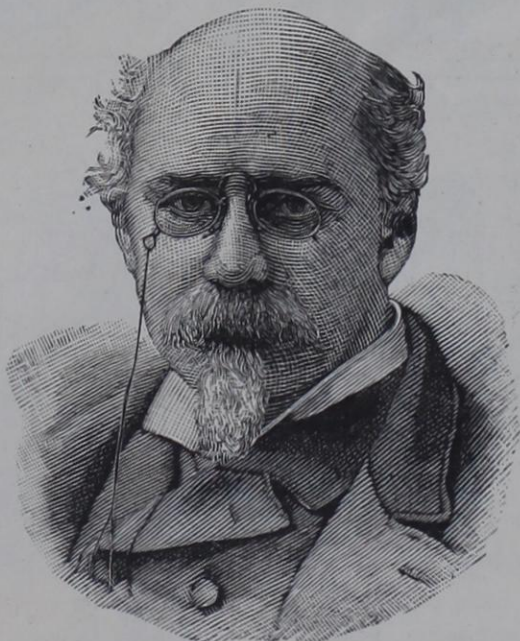
Years ago, when I was a callow youth, and when what I really knew would have only filled a match-box, but what I thought I knew would have crowded the resources of a safe deposit company, I wrote of Joseph

Howard, Jr. I did not know the gentleman at the time. I was trying to show what I knew about the great newspaper correspondents of our country, and this is about what I said:

"Of newspaper correspondents there is no end. From the writer of national reputation, who for the writing of two or three letters a week, gets a salary equal to that of an American ambassador, to the scribbler who dislocates the English language in the country weeklies in return for a free pass to the local mountain resort, they are numbered by the thousand. You can, however, count on the fingers of a left hand that has had the thumb amputated, all of them that are worthy of mention. That is, if you take success as the measure of merit.

"There is George Alfred Townsend (Gath). On matters connected with American politics, and in personal knowledge of public men and their methods and idiosyncracies, he is the superior of any correspondent on the continent. In clearness of diction and grasp of language he is the equal of any of them. Townsend is supposed to make about \$10,000 a year from his newspaper correspondence. He has recently written a play of which he expects great things, but we all do that, you know.

"Joaquin Miller, the poet, is a money-maker from newspaper letter writing. From a literary point of view Miller outranks Townsend. His letters deal less with public men and are more descriptive and poetic. Miller is not writing much for newspapers at present. He has just finished a book in which he demonstrates that the natural result of the vices of the rich, the greed for gold of those in high places, and the tyranny of soulless monopolies will be the destruction of the city of New York by the torch of the downtrodden poor. It is a weird and romantic story, full of pathos and poetry.



JOE HOWARD, JR.

"Joe Howard writes for several papers, notably for the Boston Globe. His letters are quite interesting, and he deals largely with reminiscences, and is fond of telling of the great men who patted him on the head and made commonplace remarks to him when he was a boy. He has a favorite reminiscence of Beecher and John Van Buren meeting in '56, that is actually frayed at the edges and white on the seams from constant use. Whenever Joseph is short of current topics he reminisces. Whatever may be Howard's weaknesses it cannot be disputed that he is a writer of far more than or-

dinary ability, and if he would get away from the idea that he could give points to God regarding the running of the Universe, he would be quite a nice fellow to know."

Since I wrote this in my early days I have got to know Howard, and he has got to know me at a cost—I mean to Howard—of many a hard-earned dollar.

Well, what can I tell you of him. He sailed on the Majestic this morning, and I commend him to such men in London as Lawson of the Telegraph, Labouchere of Truth, Edmund Yates of the World, Elgood of TEXAS SIFTINGS, George Augusta Sala, and also to all the genial, large-souled men of affairs who go to make the Savage Club what it is.

Howard will surprise you; he will make your hair curl. He will make the teeth of the conservative London journalist chatter when he begins one of his Astor House homilies—or gets that eloquent tongue of his working seventeen oscillations and five laps a second in a "hoorang" regarding the merits and demerits of Pepper whisky as an economical article of diet.

I could fill a whole newspaper with stories of Howard. Coming home on the train to-night I met Allan Forman of the Journalist, and he told me how Howard went into journalism. This is the sporadic way Forman talks: Joe went to California as a merchant—of course bust at once—good Lord, imagine Howard as a merchant!—came back—went to Lynn, Mass., to visit friends—arriving at the hotel, he found the first great strike of shoemakers in progress. Went to register at hotel—found registered Stephen Fiske, N. Y. Herald; J. L. Smith, N. Y. Tribune; W. P. Jones, N. Y. Sun—so Howard, who was not a correspondent, and who had never written a word for a paper, registered himself as Joseph Howard, Jr., N. Y. Times. He went to the door of the convention accompanied by his beautiful *aplomb*, and forcing his way in, walked on the stage, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the speaker and interrupting him said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the great New York Times wants to champion your cause, and has sent me here," etc., etc. This was a lie, but Joe did not mind a lie in those days, so as you can imagine the applause was tremendous. Howard got a splendid report of the proceedings—sent it to the Times. The Managing Editor thought that the new editor had been selected and appointed by Raymond, the Editor-in-Chief. For three days Howard sent dispatches that were "scoops" on the other boys.

"Where did you get this fellow, Howard?" said Raymond. "He is a dandy."

"I never heard of him," said the Managing Editor. "I thought he was your protégé."

Howard was, during the war, lodged in Fort Lafayette for over seven weeks, because he had forged a proclamation signed by Abraham Lincoln calling out 150,000 troops. Howard knew, he says, that there was a necessity for the service of these soldiers, but could not wait until the President of the United States would come to the same way of thinking, so he fired off the proclamation, as he expressed it, "to save the country." The proclamation was sent out on telegraph flimsies to the New York Daily News, the New York Journal of Commerce and other papers, and its publication in their columns caused the papers named to be suppressed.

Howard, with his usual superb gall, said afterward, when he was dug out of the deepest dungeon 'neath the castle moat, that he had "merely anticipated the President," which was a fact, for the President later issued a proclamation almost in Howard's words.

Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., makes something like \$25,000 in ill-gotten gains yearly as a newspaper correspondent, so I feel free to commend him to my European friends, feeling sure that he will not use my internationally well-known name as a collateral.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

A VICTIM TO THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

Beggar (to gentleman)—Can't you give a poor man a dime?

Gentleman—Haven't any change now. Will be back this way soon.

Beggar—Ah, sir, it's giving credit to men like you that keeps me poor.

(IMP)ERTINENT.

Teacher (indicating a place on the map with his finger)—Now, what is this?

Pupil (presently)—A dirty nail.

SCHOOLS of fish ought to have some effect in the improvement of rivers and harbors.

THE WITTY POLICE COURT JUDGE.



HERE have been police judges trying to be funny ever since "M. Quad" Lewis, in the Detroit Free Press, wrote up police court proceedings in a humorous way. The unfortunates brought before them may not have appreciated their so-called sallies of wit, but some reporters

have and spread them before their readers, to show what a very funny man the judge is. These reports run a good deal like this:

Judge Puffy—What is this man charged with?

Officer—Charged with getting drunk, your honor.

Judge Puffy (holding his nose)—Charged with whisky, I should say, by the smell. Ten days.

Judge Puffy (to another prisoner)—Why don't you work for a living?

Prisoner—Can't get anything to do.

Judge Puffy—Well, I'll give you something to do.

Prisoner (brightening up)—Will you?

Judge Puffy—Yes. Hustle around and get ten dollars or go to the Island for six months.

Prisoner (charged with burglary)—I can prove an alibi, your honor.

His Honor—It was by an alley that the officer caught you, that was the alibi by. Bound over for trial.

Prisoner (catching the infection of wit)—Bound over the fence?

Judge—Over the garden wall. Next.

Miserable, ill-used Wife—Please, your honor, my husband beats me.

Judge Puffy—Beats you, does he? Well, I would beat you too, if I had such a homely wife. (Loud guffaws by court officers.)

Judge (to offender)—What have you been doing?

Offender—Haint been doing nothin'.

Judge—Time you was. Sixty days.

Young Man (charged with intoxication)—Won't you let me off, judge; it's my first offense.

Judge Puffy—Where do you work?

Prisoner—In Blank's livery stable, and if I don't show up this morning I'll lose my place.

Judge Puffy—You'll show up. I'll show you up myself. Reporter, take down this young man's name.

Prisoner (weeping)—But I'll lose my place.

Judge Puffy—Well, I'll find you another one. Six months on the island.

And so it is that Judge Puffy gets a reputation for being such a very witty man.

LAUGHTER.

The world grows more tender-hearted as it grows older. If we examine the sports that have amused our ancestors we find them more and more cruel as we trace them backward in history. Even the gladiatorial shows were not so cruel as some of the butcheries of prisoners that amused the preceding generations. The bear baitings and bull fights of a later age were less cruel than the arena.

Prize fights that amused their grandfathers disgust the men of to-day. The world got

too soft-hearted to laugh at a wounded gladiator, afterward too gentle to enjoy the writhings of wounded bulls or bears or badgers. Refined people turned their backs upon such cruelties, and they were only patronized by the brutal and vulgar.

Shakspeare's age was a cruel though heroic one, as may be seen in his plays written to amuse the people of his time, to hold the mirror up to it to show its form and pressure. Shylock was made to be laughed at. The part was originally played by a low comedian in a red wig—some Francis Wilson or Nat. Goodwin of the forgotten past. In that age the sufferings of the Hebrews inspired mirth. The language of Shylock that we find so touching and pathetic used to be considered laughter-provoking.

There is something cruel in laughter, after all; somebody writhes while the rest are merry. The wit and the butt go together, and the butt feels the keen thrust none the less because his malicious enemy smiles. If we turn our eyes inward upon our laughter and its sources, we find that in most cases it is a discovery of our own superior or happier position, or else the discovery of the weakness, folly or failure of some one else, which makes an agreeable contrast for us. When we seriously think of that, things do not seem so funny. Funny, isn't it?

A faith-cure doctor up in Vermont died the other day, because, being taken ill, the regular physician was out of town.



EQUAL TO LIFE INSURANCE.

LEVI COHN—Fader, I vhas gohen der marry a Gentile.

SOLOMON COHN—Vhat! Vhy, you disgrace der name of Cohn, Levi!

LEVI COHN—She vhas haf sefen teeth villed mid gold.

SOLOMON COHN (excitedly)—Marry her, quick, Levi. She vhas a human golt mine.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.

EXAMPLE ONE.

Poor Inventor—Rejoice with me, wife, I have found a partner who takes five thousand dollars worth of stock in my patent non-combustible stove-pipe.

Wife—Oh, goody, goody! When does he pay the money?

Poor Inventor—Why, I am to deduct it from his share of the profits.

EXAMPLE TWO.

Busted Publisher of a Veteran Paper—I say, comrades, it's just here: I have two hundred dollars worth of good advertising orders, payable when the paper is issued. Now, if you'll back me for the necessary one hundred to publish this issue, I'll give you these checks.

Comrades (in chorus)—That's all right, old fellow, hand us the orders and tell the printer to go ahead.

Busted Publisher (after finding printer declines to "go ahead")—I say, comrades, the printer says he hasn't seen you fellows; when are you going to give him the money?

Chorus of Comrades—Oh, when we collect the money on the orders you gave us.

THE SWISS NAVY.

"What has Switzerland got to boast of except her mountains?" asked a surly tourist.

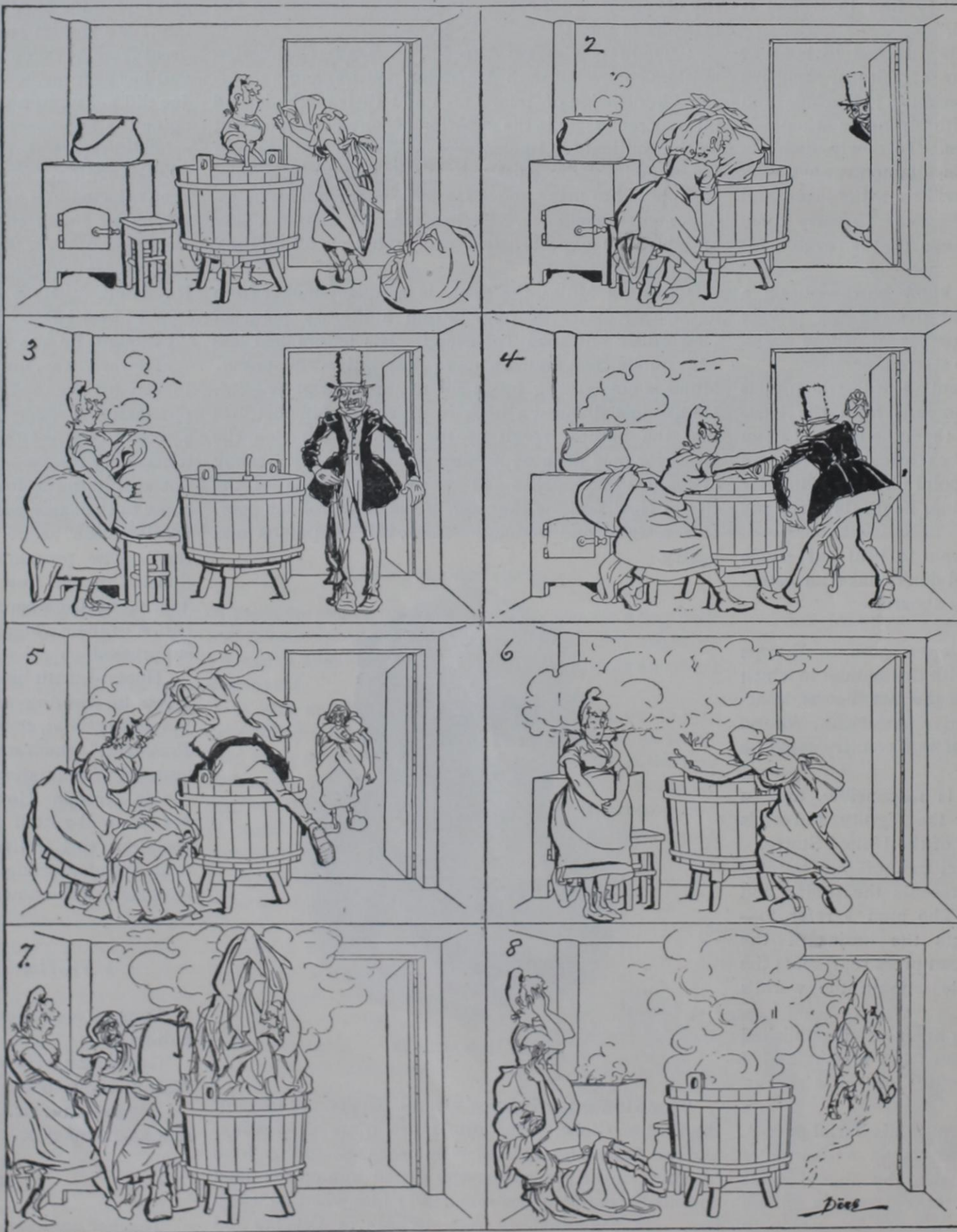
"Her navy," replied a solemn man by his side.

Then the whole squadron into a neighboring saloon to take a drink at the surly man's expense.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Police Judge (to prisoner)—How did you commence your downward career?

Prisoner—I was book-keeper for a Tract publishing society.



WASHING-DAY, by Doss.

- 1.—Mind your p's and q's. 2.—Ah, there, Paulunah! 3.—Get a glimpse of that coat.
- 4.—She comes! 5.—Love finds the way. 6.—Innocence under fire. 7.—A lover in hot water.
- 8.—He did not say "Farewell."

A MUSICAL CONUNDRUM.

A flute from a fiddle
 Did once get a riddle;
 The question was put in this way:
 "Pray can you tell me
 Why inconsistent we be?"
 "Because we work most when we play."
 Then the fiddle with glee
 Laugh'd loud, "Te, he, he,"
 As if it some smartness had showed;
 Meanwhile the poor flute,
 With astonishment mute,
 Said, "If I play again I'll be blown."

CRITIQUE OF A POEM.

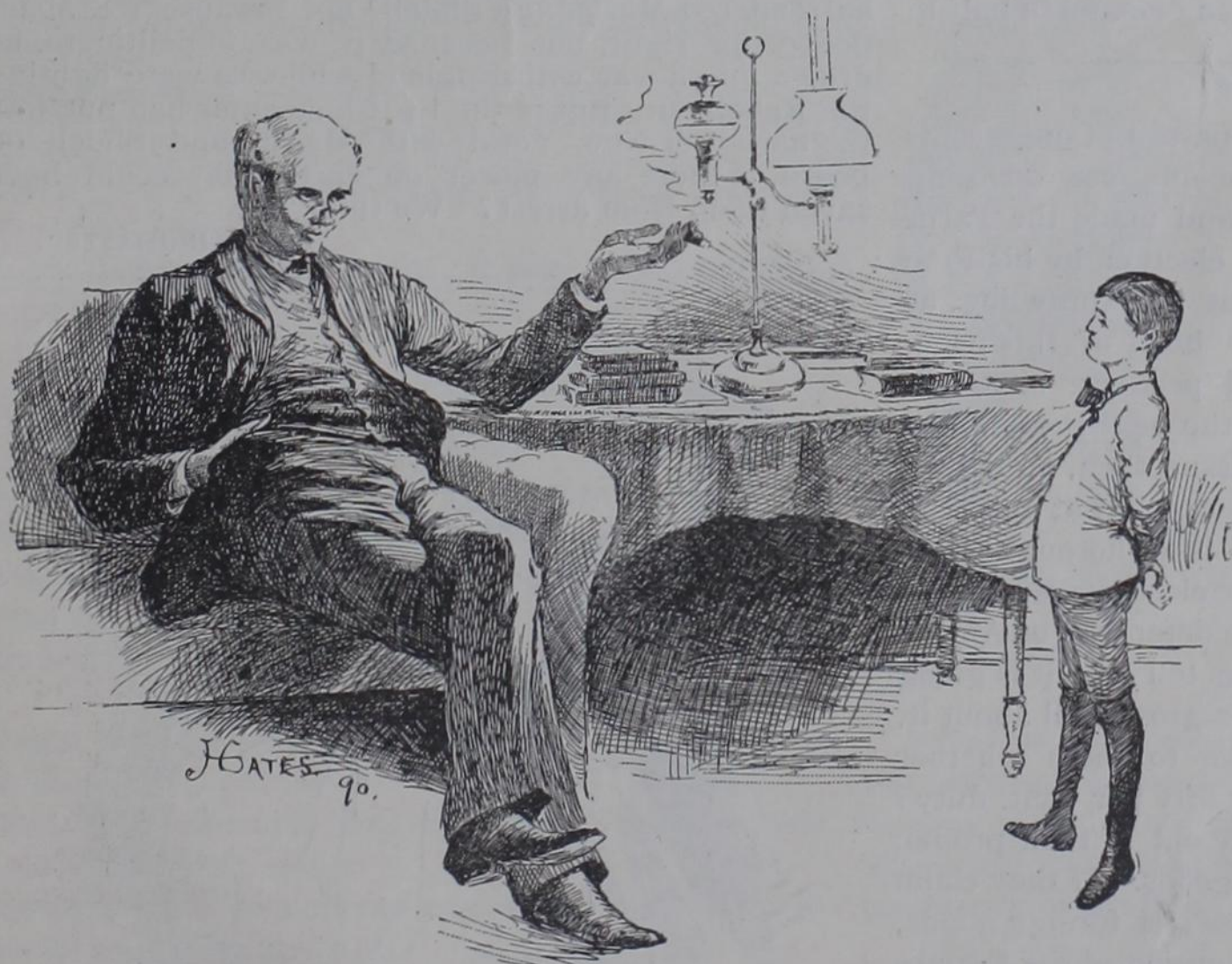
Almost every one has a *bête noir* of some sort or other, and mine is poets. Poets hop onto me as I am walking on the street and try to get me to read the "little things they have just dashed off." I once was misguided enough to write a short criticism of a poem and nearly got licked in consequence; and now a giddy young lady of Iowa, who spent the summer at Pike's Peak, has sent me a poem and asked me to criticise it thoroughly for her. She writes that ma and pa and all the folks in her neck of the woods think it excruciatingly funny, and she will consider it "real nice" of me if I will tell her what I think about it, and she modestly gives her permission for me to send it away for publication if I think it is good enough.

Now, I don't know a rondeau from a mud fence; I don't know any more about poetry than the average political editor knows about politics, but I am going to comply with that young lady's request or bust a tug, so here goes for a criticism. I will only criticise the first verse or stanza, and if I get forgiveness for that I will swear off on poetry for all time. The first part of the young lady's ten-verse "poem" is as follows:

"I knew a young man who was not a dead beat,
 Who had saved up some money, although not a cheat,
 So he thought he would rest at a quiet retreat;
 He thought to himself, 'I'll go where I'll meet
 Some jolly young girls who are awfully sweet.
 I'm not very handsome, but still I look neat,
 And I guess I will pass if I'm able to treat;
 They say all the girls one chance to meet
 At Green Mountain Falls have big, stubby feet,
 But a real grown up man they are happy to greet.'
 And I now will relate how this chappy got beat
 As he picked up his grip and made a grand sneak
 For the sylvan cool spa at the foot of Pike's Peak."

And this modern Sappho goes on in nine more verses, equally as melodious, to relate how this counter-hopper got left by falling in love with a married woman.

Dear young thing, I think your poem is simply sublime, and my advice to you is to get out of Iowa at once and go into the poetry business. The thing I admire most about your poetry is your freedom from old foggy rules about metre and feet and such things. Then you weave so much of your natural home life into it, and you seem to be taking your reader right into your confidence when you tell him that you knew a young man who was not a dead beat. So many young ladies know young men who are dead beats that it sort of restores one's faith in humanity to find that one sweet-



DO THEY RUN THE ROADS NOW?

UNCLE JOHN—What do you intend to be when you grow up, Bobby?

BOBBY—A railroad manager.

UNCLE JOHN—What department would you like to start in?

BOBBY (scornfully)—No department. I will join the Knights of Labor.



A PRODIGIOUS MEMORY.

SPINSTER OF UNCERTAIN YEARS (to young débutante)—I remember well, my dear, what a sensation I produced when I made my début in society. Why, it seems only yesterday.

YOUNG DÉBUTANTE (innocently)—Ah, what a conquest of memory over years. Did you know General Putnam of the Revolution?

faced girl knows at least one young man who is neither a dead beat nor a cheat, and in addition is economical enough to save up a little money. If this particular young man ever needs references he has only to trot out your poem and prove his previous good character.

You show great knowledge of Colorado in the line which reads:

"And I guess I will pass if I'm able to treat."

With many of the young ladies of Colorado it is necessary for a visitor to either treat, trade or travel.

You reached your climax, in my opinion, in the line reading:

"He packed up his grip and made a grand sneak."

I don't remember ever reading anything so sublimely touching in my life; you fairly unchain your imagination and send it scotching clear up into G in that line. In my mind's eye I can see that young man making a *sneak*. There are so many inelegant ways of saying "going" that I am pleased beyond description to see good language rescued by a tender young thing like you. If one of the older poets like Tennyson had been going to state the same fact he probably would have said that the young man "screwed his nut," or "got a move on his carcass," or used some other expression in as bad form, but "made a grand sneak" cannot be improved upon. And while he was about it, it showed enterprise for him to make a grand sneak and not content himself with just an ordinary every-day sneak. I think Scott could have greatly improved his poem by making it read:

"Young Lochinvar made a grand sneak out of the West."

Your poetry is very terse and clear. When you mean sneak you say sneak, and leave no room for people to think you mean codfish or switzer cheese, as a lesser poet named Browning did. And the country at large owes you a monumental debt of gratitude for writing poetry that no clubs will ever be formed to decipher.

I can't think of anything more about your poem just now; in fact it has made such an impression on me that I can't think of anything more about anything at all. But I trust you are well enough pleased with my criticism

that you won't want to snatch me bald-headed the next time I am in Iowa. V. Z. REED.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

Some years ago a young man applied to the District Court, of Dallas, Texas, to be examined to practice law. A lawyer was appointed to examine the qualifications of the candidate for admission to the bar. The young man was rather deficient in Blackstone and Greenleaf. It looked very much as though he lacked the requisite preparation, and the examining lawyer badgered him until his brow was beaded with perspiration.

"Do you know what fraud is in the judicial sense of the word?" inquired the examining attorney.

"I don't—I hardly think I do," was the stammering reply.

"Well, fraud exists when a man takes advantage of his superior knowledge to injure an ignorant person."

"So, that's it, is it? Then if you take advantage of your superior knowledge of law to ask me questions I can't answer, owing to my ignorance, and in consequence thereby I am refused a license, I will be injured, and you will be guilty of fraud. Won't you, Judge?"

The lawyer was very thoughtful for a few moments, and then added reflectively:

"My young friend, I perceive you have great natural qualifications for the bar, and I shall recommend that a large, handsomely engrossed and richly engraved license be granted you in spite of your ignorance."

HE MEANT A BONANZA.

Intoxicated Tramp (stopping Jay Gould on the street)—I shay, Misser Gould, can't you let a poor fellow have (hic) haffa dollar?

Mr. Gould (trying to slip by)—I haven't that much about me.

Tramp—Come now, Jayey, don't try to fool me. You know you're a reg'lar (hic) bogandy!

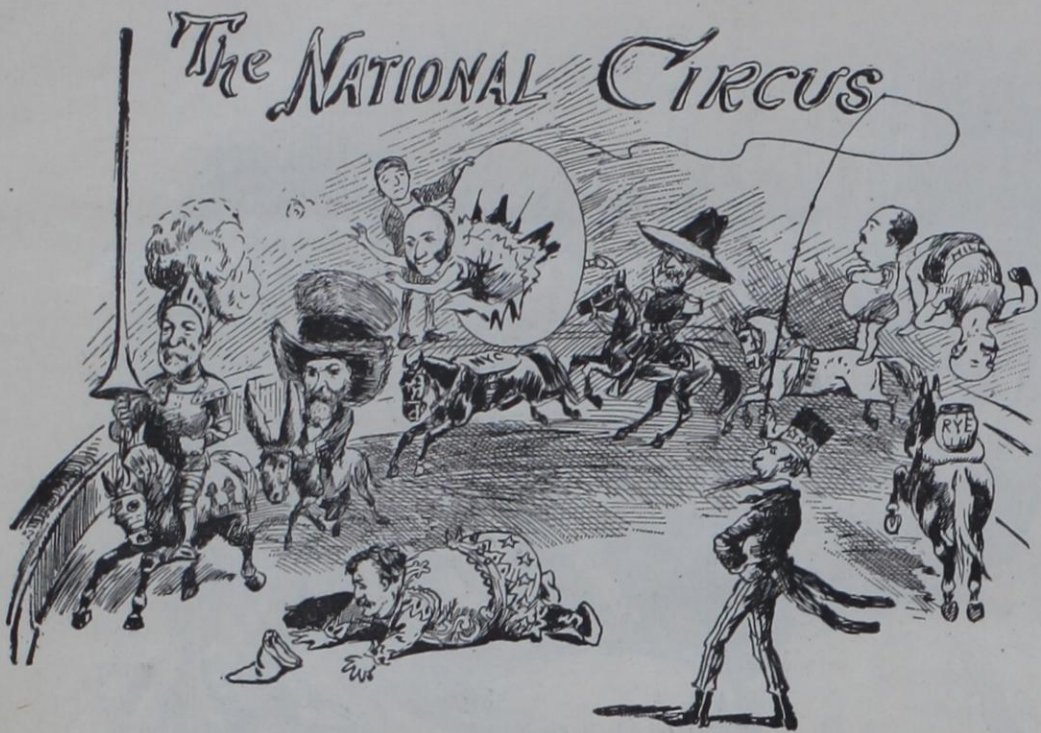
TWICE AS BIG.

Friend (to Bowery dime museum proprietor)—Have you been to see the Liliputians that are performing at Niblo's?

Dime Museum Proprietor (contemptuously)—Yaas! What do you think of them?

Think of them! Why, I've got dwarfs performing at my museum that are twice as big as them Liliputians!

THE North pole is a place without a parallel—of latitude.



A revolution in Switzerland—the country of Tell and tourists—whose Republicanism seemed as solid as its Alps, has an ominous sound. But the daily papers do not explain to their readers that the Swiss and Republicanism have nothing to do with this so-called revolution. Switzerland is divided into States, called Cantons, with about as many inhabitants as a ward of New York. One of these Cantons—Ticino by name—is populated by Italians; and they are the people who have been making this much ado about nothing. The Swiss Constitution provides that, upon a petition signed by 7,000 citizens, an amendment must be submitted to the popular vote. The Liberals handed in a petition, signed by 10,000 names, asking for a change in laws. The Conservative government doubted whether all these names were genuine, and took time to investigate them. Then the Liberals declared that the government was tricking them, and revolted. The whole affair would have been farcical had not the accidental discharge of a revolver killed one of the officials. The Swiss Federal government sent a few troops and quelled the disturbance at once; but this did not prevent "Revolution in Switzerland" from being telegraphed all over the world to give aid and comfort to the monarchists. The matter was about as important, and had about as much to do with the Republic as a strike of the Italian waiters in Moretti's restaurant. Indeed, the only use of Ticino is to produce a breed of waiters.

I have received a number of letters, in reply to a recent paragraph, calling my attention to the alleged fact that the Comte de Paris comes to this country, not as a King, but as a simple gentleman. Nonsense; the Comte is not a simple gentleman; on the contrary, he is a very cunning gentleman. He says in his farewell letter, "I am the representative of the monarchy"—and this is a sufficient reply to my correspondents. He comes here to escape the ridicule and disgrace of the exposure of his plot to buy Boulanger in order to break up the Republic of France, and he uses the officers of our old Army of the Potomac to delude the French people into the whim that the Americans approve his claims to the monarchy. He is the head of the Orleans family; and never, in the history of France, was there an Orleans who was not guilty of plots and crimes. When the Comte came here, during the Rebellion, to learn the art of war upon McClellan's staff, Napoleon the Third was the ruler of France and was pushing his schemes against this country by invading Mexico. Consequently, we welcomed the Comte as an enemy of our enemy, Napoleon. But things have changed since then. France is now a sister Republic, and the Comte de Paris is the open, avowed enemy of all Republics. How, then, can he be a welcome guest here? His visit ought to have been prevented by a protest from our Secretary of State; and it is not yet too late to request him to take the next steamer back to England—the only country open to him—for he has been kicked out of France.

Combination must be met by combination, and the unions of workingmen naturally lead to unions among capitalists. A Shipping Federation has been formed, in England, to resist to the utmost any further strikes like those which have recently occurred at the London and Southampton docks. Since the declarations of the Labor Congress, at Liverpool, that trade unions must dominate the labor market, employers in all trades are forming leagues for mutual protection. The utter defeat of the Knights of Labor here by the Central Railroad authorities has given the cue to employers all over the world and has put an altogether new phase upon the Labor movement. It has been discovered that

workingmen, like the Kilkenny cats, will destroy each other if locked out by employers and left to quarrel among themselves. This is a very significant sign of the times, and it has practically erased the Labor party from politics.

Since our patriotic papers have been publishing maps and charts to inform other countries how easily they can bombard our sea-coast cities with a single iron-clad, the idea of defending New York by contract has been taken up by several energetic gentlemen, and a company has been formed for this purpose. The scheme is to insure any city

just as houses are insured against fire and ships against wreck. The city has simply to pay an annual premium, and the company guarantees to protect it from all harm in case of war, or to make good in cash any damages to which it may be subjected by the enemy. The articles of incorporation provide for the purchase or construction of the best ironclads, torpedo boats and sliding cannon; and, in case of war, the United States government will be asked to grant the company the same legal rights formerly extended to American privateers. The annual premiums will not be large, and will hardly be noticed by the taxpayers, while the existence of such a National Protection Company will bring peace and comfort to those timid souls who have been fearful that the spectre gunboats of some foreign Power might drop shells among the pots and pans of the New England housewives. In the absence of any standing army or floating navy here, such a company ought to be profitable

Another assault is to be made upon the A. T. Stewart estate, this time with the veteran Ben Butler as the leading counsel for the alleged heirs. General Butler takes crooked views of affairs, but he gets there all the same; and will probably give Judge Hilton more trouble than any of the former counsel for the claimants. He began his career as a lawyer by attaching the water-wheel of a Massachusetts factory for a girl's wages, thus stopping the whole concern at a loss of thousands of dollars, until the girl was paid. Upon which flank he will attack Judge Hilton is not yet known; but there is a cathedral over on Long Island built by Mrs. Stewart, which has the Hilton coat of arms conspicuously in the chancel, and General Butler could arouse the religious sentiment of the community by attacking that edifice. The suits for libel begun against the World writers for a series of articles upon Hilton's relations to Stewart have not yet been brought to trial. Indeed, as soon as any Stewart suit is pushed to a certain point it is compromised out of court. General Butler knows this, and you may be sure that he has not championed the case of the newly-discovered relatives of Stewart without a keen eye and a half to the main chance.

The Tariff Bill having been passed, Congress is ready to adjourn, and the politicians are devoting themselves to local issues. Cleveland made the Tariff an issue in the last Presidential election by his Free Trade special message, and it sent him sprawling, as in Worth's capital picture at the head of this page. The Republicans, more wise and prudent, have adjusted the Tariff two years before the next Presidential campaign begins. It may be an issue then, or it may not; many things happen in two years, but at any rate, the people will have time to give it a thorough trial. It cannot enter into the November elections, except as identifying the Republicans as the defenders of American industries, because nobody can tell how it is going to work. Our importers grumble a great deal about it, but what difference does it make to them whether foreign goods pay one per cent. or fifty per cent. duty? They do not have to pay the duty out of their profits; they add it to the price of the goods. If they claim that it will oblige the people to use less foreign goods, the easy reply is that this is the intention of the Republican party, because the less foreign goods are imported the more domestic goods will be purchased. To drive some of the importers into some other business will not be an unmixed evil. They have made enough money out of the American people for the benefit of foreign manufacturers.

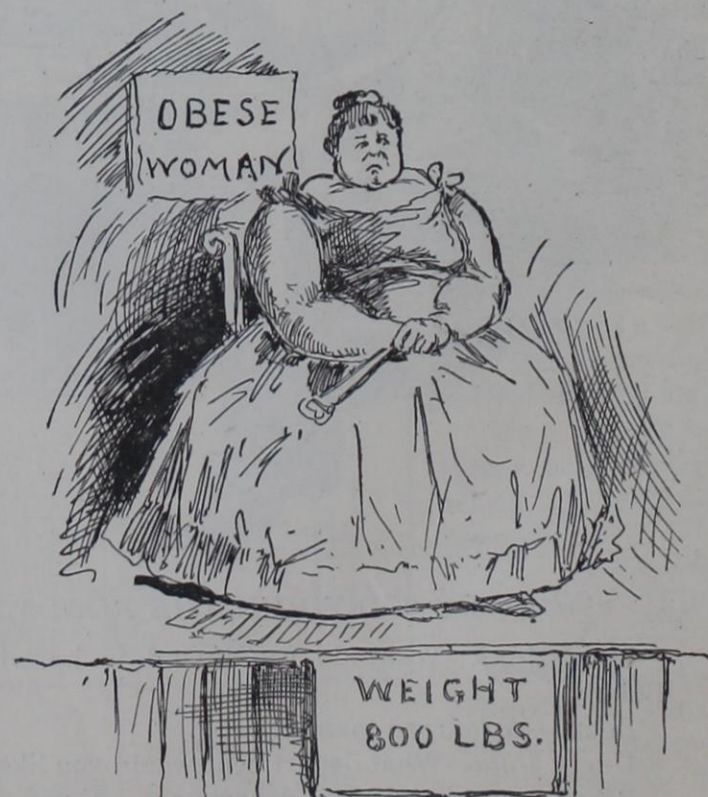
Horace Greeley, one of the apostles of Protection,

now has his statue in front of the Tribune office. It is a private affair; but no matter. It commemorates him as a journalist, rather than as a philosopher and philanthropist, and thus leaves room for the public statue which will be erected later. But is the Times, the mugwump rival of the Tribune, to be outdone in the statue business? Why is there no statue of Henry J. Raymond in front of the Times office? A statue of George Jones would be more picturesque; but Jones is a Welshman and very practical, and would rather have cash than glory. With the Times building thus decorated, there would be a loud call for a statue of Hungary Joe, in front of the new Pulitzer building, and of Brother Dana, the head and front of New York daily journalism, on top of the Sun or Bartlett building. The objection that Pulitzer and Dana are not as dead as Greeley and Raymond is untenable. They are not lost, but gone to Europe; and they might as well be dead for all that the readers of their papers know about them. The whole of Park Row, down as far as Pat Divver's saloon, might thus be adorned with statues of our great journalists, and would be a lovely promenade for our citizens on Sunday afternoons and moonlight nights—to say nothing of the instruction which would be conveyed to the rising generation by the spectacle of so much genius in bronze, marble or imperishable brass.

For years one of the popular cries has been, "The Chinese must go!" But they don't go; they stay here and keep on coming here, slipping across the line from Canada in defiance of our laws. In New York, they have a city within a city, with their own Mayor, their own Common Council, their own taxes, their own gambling saloons, and their own manners and customs, just the same as in China—or, perhaps, rather worse. One of their customs is to employ assassins. This is not done secretly. Any Chinaman will tell you that, if he does certain things, or does not do certain other things, he will be killed; and he will mention several of his countrymen who have "disappeared"—that is, have been murdered—because they offended a gang called the Highbinders, who resemble the Mafia of the Italians. That such barbarism should be practiced in a civilized city, which claims to be the metropolis of America, is astounding. Even more astounding is the accusation that the Chinese pay our police fixed sums per month for the privilege of keeping gambling shops and murdering each other. In any other country, there would be an immediate and rigid investigation of this charge, but our citizens shrug their shoulders and say, "What does it matter about a few Chinamen?"

In spite of the efforts of the sensational papers, there will be no Barrundia affair on the programme of our National Circus. Barrundia was inciting an insurrection in Guatemala. He took passage on an American merchant steamer. The steamer stopped at a Guatemalan port; and, very properly, the authorities undertook to arrest Barrundia. They had so much respect for the American flag as to take the superfluous trouble of consulting the American Minister, who gave his formal consent to the arrest. What else could he have done? We claimed, during our Civil War, the right to arrest Rebels in foreign vessels, on the high seas. We surrendered Mason and Slidell, not because we abandoned this right, but because it was impolitic to be drawn into a war with England while we were fighting the Rebellion. But if the British steamer had put into the harbor of New York, with Mason and Slidell on board, is there any power on earth that could have saved them from arrest? We think not.

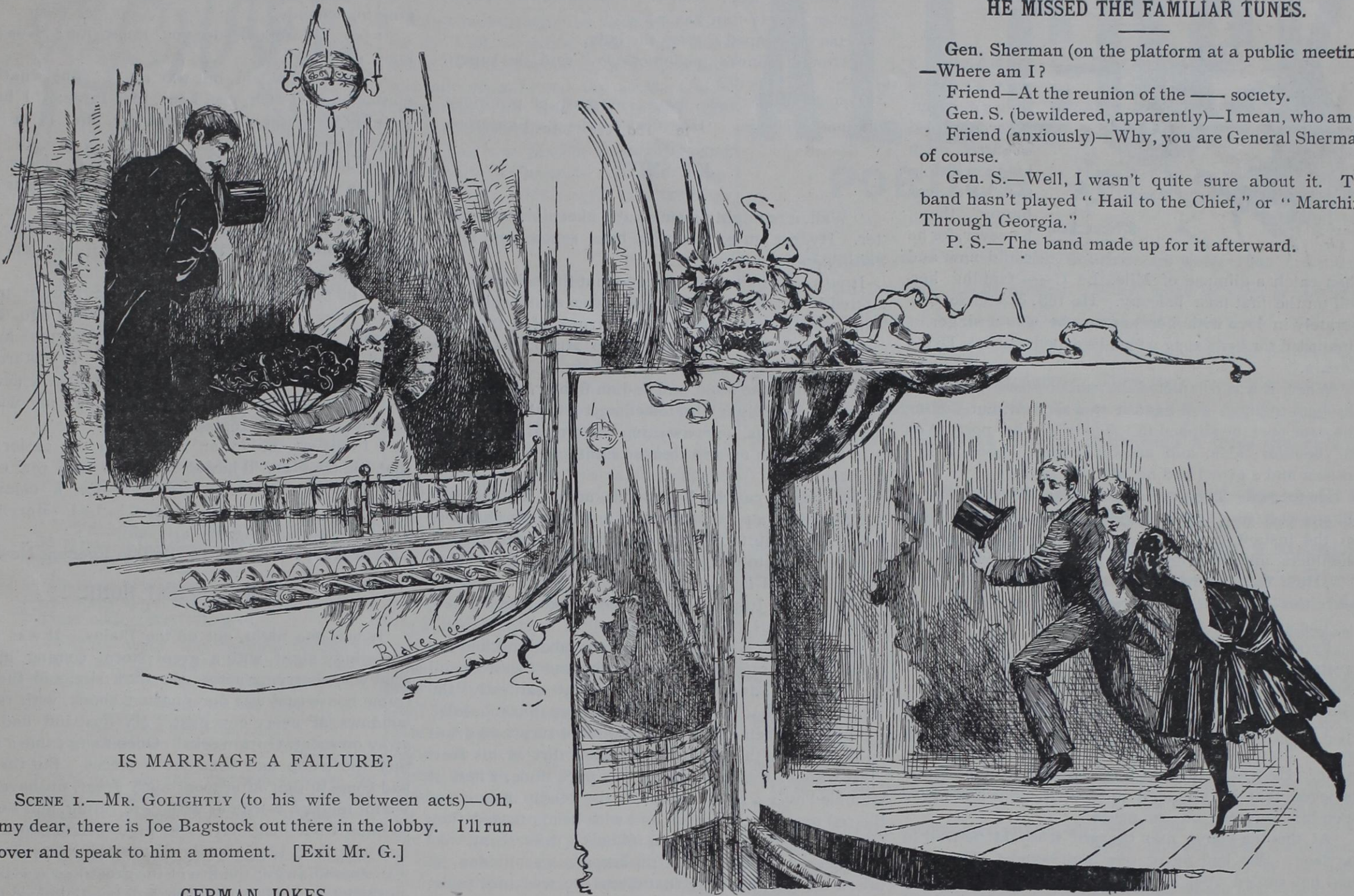
THE RINGMASTER.



Airy, Fairy Lillian.

HE MISSED THE FAMILIAR TUNES.

Gen. Sherman (on the platform at a public meeting)
—Where am I?
Friend—At the reunion of the — society.
Gen. S. (bewildered, apparently)—I mean, who am I?
Friend (anxiously)—Why, you are General Sherman, of course.
Gen. S.—Well, I wasn't quite sure about it. The band hasn't played "Hail to the Chief," or "Marching Through Georgia."
P. S.—The band made up for it afterward.



IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

SCENE 1.—MR. GOLIGHTLY (to his wife between acts)—Oh, my dear, there is Joe Bagstock out there in the lobby. I'll run over and speak to him a moment. [Exit Mr. G.]

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings by Alex. E. Sweet.)

ENCOURAGING PERJURY.

Judge—Can you give an instance of inciting a person to commit perjury?
Law Candidate—Yes; for instance, when you ask a female witness how old she is.

ALTOGETHER TOO MODEST.

She—I'm not going to come here again.
He—Why, what's the matter?
She—Matter?—I'm surprised at your asking. There is nothing to be seen but the naked mountains.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Customer (to pretty shop girl)—I love you to distraction. May I hope for a favorable reply?
Shop Girl—Certainly. Is there anything else you wish at this counter?

GASTRONOMIC ITEM.

Proprietor of Restaurant—What do you think of our beefsteaks?
Guest (gruffly)—Too small for their age.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

Little Jennie—Will you always love me? Will you never forget me?
Little Johnny—I guess not. It was only yesterday that I got a licking from dad on your account.

PROOF OF AFFECTION.

Rich Merchant (to his daughter)—I say, Emma, I think that young man who calls on you so much really means business.

Emma—What makes you think so, pa?

Merchant—Nothing, except he called at the commercial agency last week to find out how much I was really worth.

NOT A VEGETARIAN.

Little Boy (picking raspberries)—I say, ma, have some raspberries got legs?
Ma—Why, of course not, my child; why do you ask such a foolish question?
Little Boy—If raspberries haven't got any legs then I swallowed a bug, that's all.

MITIGATED FREEDOM.

Sunday-school Teacher—Has not everybody the right to exercise his free will?
Little Boy—Yes, until he is married. That's what pa says.

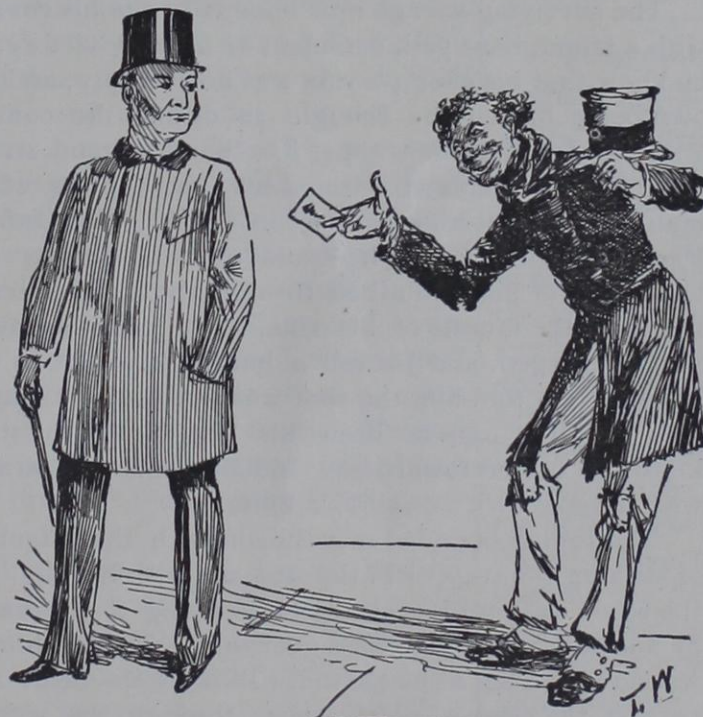
Teacher—What do you know about Columbus?

Tommy—Wasn't he the first man who discovered eggs?

SCENE 2.—Curtain suddenly goes up, discovering Mr. Golightly, who had been talking to one of the skirt dancers on the stage, making a rapid exit behind the dancer. Mrs. G. catches a glimpse of him.

WISHED TO BE MENTIONED FOR THE VACANCY.

A seedy but exceedingly polite stranger stopped Chauncey Depew on Broadway the other day and said: "I beg pardon (raising his dilapidated plug hat), have I the honor of addressing Hon. Chauncey M. Depew?"
"Depew is my name, yes sir," replied the famous railroad man and orator.
"President of the New York Central Railroad?"
Mr. Depew nodded and tried to pass on.



"One moment, please. Pardon the inquiry, but if you were nominated for President of the United States (bowing profoundly)—which I sincerely trust you may be—would you—don't go yet—would you resign the presidency of the New York Central Railroad?"

"Sir, I—"

"You will think it over, of course. Fifty thousand dollars a year isn't to be cast aside lightly, but should you do it, will you please mention my name for the vacancy? Here is my card. And please say that I would undertake the arduous duties of the office for something less—say forty-five thousand and my washing—Gone? Well, I've always heard Mr. Depew spoken of as a polite man, but he has treated me with absolute incivility," and the tramp's face assumed a hurt look as he moved slowly away in an opposite direction from an approaching policeman.

DOCTORS.

The world is not likely to run out of doctors for a long time to come. Besides the multitude that are run out every year from the regular M. D. manufactories, there is a host of doctors springing up continually from the highways and byways. The growth may almost be called spontaneous.

Look at the varieties. There are old-school doctors, new-school doctors, and doctors without any schooling worth speaking of. Pill doctors, and doctors who are a "pill" in themselves.

Doctors of Laws and doctors of mother-in-laws, laying on of hands doctors, and doctors who will take anything they can lay their hands on; magnetic doctors, and doctors with no more magnetism in them than a doughnut.

Then there is the Indian doctor, who never saw an Indian, though he ought to, with the Indian in a scalp-mood. The herb doctor, and the doctor in the suburbs. The electric doctor, and the doctor up to all manner of tricks.

Bleeding has gone out of fashion, yet there are doctors who will bleed you every opportunity they get. Cupping is indulged in now and then, although it is to the credit of the profession that you rarely see a doctor in his cups, with the exception of an occasional hic-cough.

In conclusion, I will say, never call a doctor, unless you are satisfied you hold a better hand than he does.
A. M. G.

LEAVING ALL HATRED BEHIND.

An immoderate drinker about to die, asked his wife to bring him a glass of water.

"Water!" she exclaimed, in amazement, "did I understand you to ask for water?"

"Yes," said he faintly, "before leaving this world I wish to reconcile myself with the object of my chief hatred."

TIT FOR TAT.

Judge—You are accused of ill-treating your family doctor.

Prisoner—Well, he did the same thing for me first.

A SONG.



ERNANDE, a penniless young composer, occupied a garret room at the Bufontes. He was happy there, however, for he could now and

then catch a glimpse of Mlle. La C— fanning herself on the first floor balcony. He fell, of course, desperately in love with her, and as she was a singer he composed for her a song which he called "Love's Dying Dream."

When it was completed he ran downstairs with it, resolved to knock and hand it to a servant, but finding the door open he slipped in. There was her portrait on the boudoir table, and he would have kissed it if a scream and a growl had not startled him.

He turned. The scream came from Mlle. La C—, the growl from a gentleman who accompanied her, and on the instant two hands came down on Fernande's shoulders, and the miniature was wrested from him.

"How careless of Augusta," cried the lady, "to leave the door open for thieves to enter by."

The gentleman lustily called for help.

Fernande said nothing. Conscious of his terrible position he was stricken dumb; and it was as one passes through the changing scenes of a dream that he knew himself to be arrested and cast into prison.

The prima donna appeared against him when the proper time came. She had found this man in her room. He had a valuable ornament in his hands. She believed that he intended to steal it. She had never seen him before—"oh, no, never."

At this the young man thought it would be well to be dead. She had never seen him before! Then she had not smiled upon him when he threw her the bouquet of Province roses. It was all fancy. He had not caught her eye. She had never noticed him.

The gentleman who had been with mademoiselle gave his evidence, only he was fiercer, and called the hapless Fernande a thief, a brigand, and a rascal when he alluded to him.

And Fernande could only say that he was not guilty.

"I am named Fernande, and I have twenty-three years, and I am nothing and nobody."

This he said when called upon to account for himself, and nothing more, and he was written down vagrant and condemned to hard labor as a thief.

Mlle. La C— went home pouting and declaring that she "hated to go to such dreadful places." She ate a delightful little lunch, and afterward, finding a packet upon her table, opened it and read Fernande's little anonymous notes, at which she laughed and hummed over the song, pronouncing it "very pretty." A few days after she practiced it, and on being encored one night, bethought her to sing it.

Poor Fernande! If he could but have been there to have seen how the woman wept over his pretty lay of love and death, and to have heard the applause.

After that the manager besought mademoiselle to sing "Love's Dying Dream" every night.

Amateur singers went mad over it, and it was published. Having the name of no composer upon it, it was called Mlle. La C—'s song.

One day with a party she visited the prison where Fernande was confined. She stood amid her little circle of cavaliers, and said to one in authority of the place: "What do they like, these people? Shall I sing a little love song?"

"As mademoiselle pleases."

And mademoiselle smiled and tried her voice with a little trill, and began "Love's Dying Dream."

Oh, the eager, glittering eyes that watched her! Oh, the flushed cheek, the hurried breath! Oh, the mad throbbings of the heart of number twenty-four, as he whispered:

"It is my song! It is my song!"

"What is the matter?" whispered number twenty-three to number twenty-four. "I say, mon ami, speak."

"What is the matter?" asked the singer of the superintendent, as the last notes of her song died upon her lips. "There seems to be some commotion."

"There is a little," said the superintendent, calmly. "Number twenty-four has caused it."

"Has he escaped?" cried the lady.

"After a manner, mademoiselle," said the superintendent. "He is dead."

"These people never have any sense of propriety," said mademoiselle. "How dreadful!"—La Lanterne.

JOE SMITH.

"Wall, it're mighty quar what's a keepin' thet youngster. Hyar it am good harf a hour sence I've bin a waitin', an' he not hyar yit."

It was over half a century ago that this soliloquy was uttered by a tall, gaunt trapper, who stood carelessly leaning against the moss-covered trunk of a tree that grew near the eastern bank of the Missouri river, in what is now Buchanan county.

Joe Smith, the scout and Indian fighter, was a well-known and widely celebrated character of that day. As his speech shows, he is awaiting the arrival of a young man to join him on an extended hunt and trapping expedition.

The hunter cast his heavy rifle across his shoulder and advanced a pace forward from under the shade of the tree. A muttered imprecation burst from his lips and crouching to the ground he rapidly glided behind the tree he had left.

"Reds, by Ju-peter! an' I, like a dod blamed fool, thort it was Gus," he muttered.

The Indians were only three in number and had not observed the trapper as he leaped behind the tree, and they shortly advanced, talking very earnestly the while. They had already passed the tree that concealed the hunter, when one of them uttered a surprised grunt and pointed to the torn and displaced dirt at his feet.

It was the trail of the trapper's pack mule, where it stumbled over a root. Instantly the deadly instincts of the red men were aroused, and with heads bowed they followed the trail as a hound follows a deer scent. As they neared the tree where the trapper was hidden, he raised his rifle, knowing that discovery was inevitable, and fired at the leading savage.

The report was followed by a death yell, and the Indian, leaping into the air, fell to the ground a lifeless corpse. The two remaining Indians uttered a yell of vengeance and darted toward the tree by which the light blue smoke was still arising.

"Yas, yell on yer infernal imps; if I don't guv yer summat at'll make yer yell tother side o' yer mouth purty soon, then I'm a nigger!" and as the Indian appeared he again leveled his rifle.

The red man saw him at the same time, and knowing that his rifle must be loaded, leaped toward the nearest tree. One of them, unfortunately for himself, had exposed the back of his head to the quick eye of the trapper, whose rifle sped an unerring messenger of death that crashed through the Indian's brain.

The surviving savage now bounded from his covert, with a triumphant yell, confident of an easy victory, as he knew that his enemy's rifle was now empty, and his own being loaded, he thought to decide the contest without engaging the trapper in a hand-to-hand struggle. But he calculated without his host, for the white man confronted him hatchet in hand. The Indian leveled his gun, but ere he could pull the trigger the tomahawk of his foe flashed through the air and struck full upon the muzzle of his rifle. The gun, however, was discharged, and Joe felt a burning twinge in his left side that told him the shot was not entirely harmless. With an oath he drew his long heavy hunting knife and darted toward the Indian, who was armed with a tomahawk as well as a knife.

The Indian bounded into the air with the intention of striking the trapper in the stomach with his feet, but the scout was on his guard, and dropping to his knees he allowed the other to pass over him, dealing him a wound in the leg as he passed. Blows were dealt and parried, the clash of steel echoes through the woods, the blades grew crimson and the leaves around are sprinkled with blood.

They separate, only to breathe. Wounds are given and received, until they are so faint with loss of blood that they stand clasped in each other's arms, while the gory knives are feebly plied, although with scarce force enough to pierce the skin. Joe Smith placed the point of his knife at the Indian's throat, and pressing heavily upon him, they fell to the ground and the knife was buried to the hilt in the savage's throat. The trapper was the victor! A faint shout of triumph burst from his lips as he vainly strove to rise to his feet, and then his head dropped, he fell across the dead body of his late antagonist in a deathlike swoon.

The next he knew a familiar form was bending over

him, bathing his brow in cool water and tenderly bandaging his wounds.

"Joe, old fellow, do you know me? Gus; you know Gus Fogle."

"Yes, I know you, but war am I? an' what's the matter uv me?—Oh, yes, I see, ther Injuns. I had an awful fight wi' them. An' ther last one, is he dead, Gus?"

"I should think so; he's almost cut to pieces."

"He war a mighty good man, Gus, if he war a red. He's give old Joe his last dinner."

"Joe, old friend, don't talk so. You will live, must live for Mary's sake. What'll she do if you die now? Cheer up, man, and remember her."

"I do remember her, and it's that I want to talk upon. Boy, you told me sumethin' awhile ago, and if it's true, 'll let me die a heap easier. You told me you loved Mary an' wanted her for a wife. Is this true?"

"It is! I have loved her since the day I saw her first, and if she is willing, will make her my wife tomorrow," fervently replied Gus.

"I b'lieve you, lad, an' now I kin die easier, now that I know Mary 'll hev some one tu take car' o' her. It's dark—dark! Mary, my wife—I'm a comin', to meet yer! Heaven bless yer, Gus! I—I—Mary! Oh, Hêaven—my—my—wife—my—chi—!"

The trapper was dead!—Buffalo Evening News.

HER HAPPIEST HOUR.

It was one night, out on the Plains. It was a wild and windy night, with a great storm coming up; the scud was scurrying across the dark sky, and the little frame house that was our quarters shook, with rattling windows, at every new gust. My husband had been away on scout, O for weeks! Once there came a report that the troop had been cut to pieces. But the troop had come in that afternoon; such great, unshaven, unkempt fellows, worn out with hard riding, and swart as Indians from long days and nights in the open. We had our first blessed talk of "togetherness;" supper was cleared away; the fire of the great logs was blazing on the hearth. The children had been allowed to stay up and "see father;" one of them was asleep on the rug at his feet; her little hand just touching his spurred boot. He—my husband—had been looking over the Eastern papers; but he was so tired, and what with the fire-warmth and the relaxation of the home comfort, the paper had fallen from his hand, and his head had fallen drowsily back in his chair. His hair looked so yellow, in the firelight, above his bronzed face; as yellow as a boy's. The light was soft on his warm scouting blouse, and glinted back from his tarnished shoulder-straps. My little baby—my first boy—was asleep on my arm. There was not any sound in the room but the soft purring of the fire, and the wind wailing and rushing outside. I liked to hear the wind that night; for all my world, my own, were safe at my hearth. And then through the wind and down the wind, the trumpets called "lights out." You know the words we soldier folk set to that beautiful, pathetic call?

"Love, good night!
Must thou go?
When the day—and the night—
Need thee so?"

I looked across—with a great ache of thankfulness in my heart—across at my husband, sleeping there; O, asleep, and safe, within touch of my hand, not lying dead and mutilated, far away over the plain, under the wild night sky and cold rains—asleep and safe—

"When the day
And the night
Need thee so."

And I think that was the happiest hour of my life.—Dorothy Lundt, in Boston Commonwealth.

JOKED TO DEATH.

John B. Clement, of Philadelphia, who committed suicide on Monday, was one of the jolliest men imaginable. He was a good business man, and in his spare time collected and invented an immense number of bright sayings and jokes with which he amused a large circle of friends. He was always laughing, and apparently always happy, and so far as known had no trouble of any kind. And yet he killed himself. His dead body was found in his office, on the desk of which was the following note: "Am fond of jokes. This is the last one I will crack. C." The word "crack" was underscored. Those who knew him say that he probably chuckled as he wrote this, and then calmly proceeded to make it good by cracking his skull with a bullet. Such a life is an awful mystery, which no one can penetrate or explain, and suggests how little we know about the people whom we know best.—N. Y. Tribune.

For Headache

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. I. R. SANFORD, Sheffield, Mass., says: "Most excellent in derangements of the nervous system, such as headache and sleeplessness."



RECEIPT for dropping eggs—Let go of them.—Exchange.

A SUPREME COURT decision—Getting married.—Exchange.

FIGURES do not lie but liars sometimes figure.—Dallas News.

UNEASY rests the toe that wears the corn.—Pharmaceutical Era.

HE—"Do you speak German?" She—"No, can only dance it."—The Jester.

"Will you love me then as now?"

"Yes. I'll love you now and then."

—New York Sun.

THE meanest cannibal—the man who lives on his friends.—Broome Republican.

"WELL, well!" as the man said when he stumbled in the dark, and fell down one.—Somerville Journal.

If there is one man more than another who likes to get his friends into a box, it is the undertaker.—Light.

"Who were the mound builders?" "The original Digger Indians, no doubt."—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

If well preserved you wish to be,
Devote yourself to war, like Mars;
Debate and quarrel constantly—
Things well preserved are kept in jars.
—Exchange.

"WHOM do the mermaids have for beaux?" asked Matilda. "The ocean swells, I suppose," replied Augustus.—Exchange.

WHEN a man buys a new meerschaum pipe, notice the remarkable interest he begins to take in the color line.—Broome Republican.

EXPERIENCE has shown that it is easier to raise a mortgage than potatoes on most New Hampshire farms.—Broome Republican.

WHEN you see a small boy dividing his cake with another, it is safe to bet that a stronger bond than brotherhood unites them.—Puck.

The thorns are thick as o'er the path
Of life we limp and stumble;
But Fate is kind despite her wrath;
She gives us power to grumble.
—Cleveland Sun and Voice.

THE trouble with the people who are all the time saying that they think they are going to die is that they don't.—Broome Republican.

WE all want the elevator to wait for us, but when we are in we don't like to see it kept waiting any longer for anybody else.—Somerville Journal.

A RAILROAD across the desert of Sahara is projected. As it does not strike an oasis throughout the whole distance it will not be easy to water the stock.—Exchange.

How's speculation?" asked the bee. "Bad," said the fly. "I got pinched in a sugar corner last week, and my father is so deep in molasses I'm afraid he'll never get out again."—Sunshine.

He dealt in horses and cattle and feed,
And he'd heard I wanted a "muley."
So he wrote: "If a first-class mule you need,
Please don't forget yours truly."
—Exchange.

A WRITER describes the "barking sands" of the Hawaiian group. The "barking sands" must be some relation to the "howling desert" and the "roaring cataract."—Norristown Herald.

"WHEN we came to this town," writes a Georgia editor, "it was little more than a water tank, but now the very best whisky in the country is sold here, and there are ten moonlight stills in active operation in the county. A newspaper is a power for good in any community."—Boston Post.

THE young men of a South Carolina town tarred and feathered a white-livered visitor, after giving him forty lashes with a horsewhip. They then ordered him to leave and gave him five minutes to decide in the premises. Premises considered, he was unanimously of the opinion that he had not lost anything in that town.—Dallas News.

The most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite are Angostura Bitters.

A Ride for Life.

A few months ago the news that Walter L. Vail, a cattle dealer, had been bitten by a Gila monster in Arizona and miraculously survived the accident, was telegraphed all over the country and much discussed at the time.

Mr. Vail is at present in this city, and was seen by a Chronicle reporter Thursday. He is a middle-aged man, and has every appearance of a tried frontiersman with iron nerves and indomitable courage.

"Yes, I guess I am about the only man who's had such an experience with that horrible specimen of monstrosity known as the Gila monster and lived to tell the tale," said Mr. Vail, when asked to give the story.

"Some few months ago," said he, "I was riding on horseback over a cattle range, about twenty-three miles from Panetella station in Arizona, in company with three other gentlemen, when I saw one of these ugly looking monsters crawling along. I dismounted, determined to kill the brute, and clubbed it over the head with a stick until I was convinced that life must have become extinct. I then tied it with a string to my saddle and rode on. Pretty soon I wanted to make sure that the string had not broken and that the monster was still where I had tied him, and for that purpose reached backward to feel for him. I became at once convinced that he was there, for he was still alive, and took hold of one of my fingers with his jaws. Of course, having lived many years on the frontier, I knew well that the bite of a Gila monster was considered deadly, and to tell the truth was badly frightened. I called my companions, and when they learned what had happened they were even more frightened than I was. All that time the hideous brute held on to my finger and it took fully three minutes before we could pry his jaws open with a wedge so that I became liberated.

"Some one in the party tied a string around my finger and another around my wrist to stop the circulation of the poisoned blood, and I took a big swallow of whisky, not as an antidote, but as a stimulant. Everybody in the party expected to see me die right there, but I made up my mind to live, if possible. I mounted my horse and started on a twenty-three mile ride to Panetella station, and I tell you it was a ride for life. I made those twenty-three miles in just one hour and twenty-five minutes. By the time I reached Panetella my back and my legs began to pain. I felt like a man who was under the influence of a strong current of electricity, and suffered greatly. An engine for which I had telegraphed on my arrival arrived at the station about an hour after I had reached it, and I was conveyed to Tucson, a distance of twenty-eight miles. Medical science saved my life, but not until I had passed through ten days of intense suffering."

Mr. Vail also stated that he had received communications from all over the world since the publication of his adventure, and that scientists, specialists and physicians have repeatedly requested full particulars of his case.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

SOME charitable (?) women in New York city have established a fund to found a hospital for cats. A department for voice culture should be an important feature of the institution.—Chicago Mail.

Go and do likewise. If your whiskers are grizzly and unbecoming use Buckingham's Dye and they will look as when you were younger.

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS.

Self-praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he says is supported by the testimony of others no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only genuine and reliable porous plasters made is not self-praise in the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the cures they have effected, and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used them.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Figs and Thistles.

It is never night where God is.

To sin against love is the basest of all sins.

A man with a short head needs long legs.

The devil never fishes with a bare hook.

Love has no strap around her pocket-book.

Love is the ten commandments in solution.

Whatever stifles liberality chokes religion.

Worry is a good friend to the gravedigger.

An uncertain guide-board is a dangerous thing.

Love speaks the mother tongue of everybody.

Trains for heaven never have any baggage cars.

The man who travels down hill makes rapid progress.

Sins never travel alone. They take their families.

The one who is willing to be kind can always be busy.

God's work never waits for the man who isn't ready.—Ram's Horn.

Judgment, Mercy and Truth.

When people read, "the law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Christ," do they suppose that the law was gracious and untrue? The law was given for a foundation; the grace (or mercy) and truth for fulfillment—the whole forming one glorious Trinity of judgment, mercy and truth. The Psalms respecting mercy are often sorrowful, as in thought of what it costs; but those respecting the law are always full of delight. David cannot contain himself for joy in thinking of it—he is never weary of its praise: "How I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day. Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors; sweeter, also than honey and the honey-comb."—John Ruskin.

Important Changes.

The Double Summer Service of the Fall River Line is discontinued; the Puritan and Pilgrim will remain in commission. They now leave New York week days and Sundays at 5 p. m., connecting at Fall River with Pullman Vestibule trains for Boston. Express trains are run from the steamer landing at Fall River to all other points on the Old Colony System and in connection with trains for all points east of Boston. A general reduction of fares by this route went into effect October 1st. The steamers of this line touch at Newport in each direction between New York and Fall River throughout the year.

How It Impressed Them.

They stood on the American shore and gazed in wonder-struck silence at the majesty and beauty of Niagara. The personification of feminine grace and tenderness, she leaned confidently on the arm of her husband—her ideal of manly strength and chivalry. The glowing sunbeams danced in the spray that rose like fair mountains before their eyes, radiant with the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, and the falling waters sounded their eternal monotone in the ears of their listeners, whose hearts beat responsive to its deep pulsations. Nature's own voice spoke to them and stirred the profoundest depths of their being.

The young husband pressed the little hand that lay confidently on his arm and smiled on the sweet face upturned to his.

"Gwendolen," he said, the rapture of his emotions thrilling his voice and shining out through his dark eyes, "does it stack up to your expectations?"

"Launcelot"—and her eyes seemed about to overflow with excess of pent-up feeling—"it's just the cutest thing I ever struck!"—Chicago Herald.

Human Frailty.

We are frail creatures physically—the most robust among us. The unhealthy man or woman is in great measure incapable of benefit to society. If, for instance, biliousness, a trouble of frequency and often obstinately resistant of ordinary medication, obstructs the harmonious action of the liver and the bowels, the sufferer is sure to be dyspeptic. The three disordered conditions are sure to be confirmed by neglect. Under the erroneous impression that there is no hope for him, an impression in all likelihood confirmed by the use of objectionable remedies, the sufferer is apt to become neglectful, nay, even reckless, and that the sooner he is removed from the sphere of human endeavor the better for all parties concerned. What a series of mistakes! His liver is responsible. It is an incorporate part of himself. How discipline it? By the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a certain medium for the re-establishment of united, regular action in the stomach, liver and bowels. It also cures and prevents malarial, rheumatic and kidney troubles.

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

A Christian mit a conceited frame, und a shmall waisted mind, makes more troubles by a church house as six infidools.

Don't fergot, when you vas feel for der poor to feel your pockets dherein.

Dhere vas two obchecks dot got no abbreviations for advice, der printer und der mule.—The National Weekly.

Constipation is positively cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Not by purging and weakening the bowels, but by regulating and strengthening them. This is done by improving the digestion and stimulating the liver to the proper secretion of bile, when the bowels will perform their customary functions in an easy and natural manner. Purgative pills must be avoided. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Price 25 cents.

WHEN a man is seen walking up the beach in a barrel it may be presumed he has had bad luck with his clothes.—New Orleans Picayune.

For delicacy, for purity, and for improvement of the complexion nothing equals Pozzoni's Powder.



THE WIZARD OF THE GARDEN.

Mr. Anton Seidl alone is proving more popular at the Madison Square Garden than Strauss with his assistant attractions. Mr. Seidl is industriously giving the people what they want in the way of the best orchestral music, and the result is new hopes that the great amphitheatre may after all prove to be a successful thing of good use. In view of his earnest and effective efforts in braving the frost that already had begun to attack the Garden. Mr. Seidl deserves some such title as "The Wizard of Madison Square Garden." SIFTINGS believes that one of the best agencies for enlightenment is music of the highest class at prices to suit the multitude.

Edward A. Page is the new president of the Society of Pedagogy.

Father Burke makes an appeal for St. Benedict's Home for Colored Children.

Capt. Cartright is pleased to know that Charles Kessel of Manhattan Park thinks he (the Captain) is rich.

President John Hoey, of the Adams Express, has not yet patented his new process for interviewing himself.

Rev. J. S. Campbell's recent lecture on "The Way to Win" was a disappointment to race-goers and Wall street.

According to the Merchant Traveler Joseph Pulitzer, of the World, was once fired from a hotel for being too shabby.

John S. Smith likes his straight—his vote. He is chairman of the Municipal Election Committee of the Republican Club.

Chief Clerk Arthur McMullen, of the Board of Education, can earn a seat on the Board by solving the overflow problem.

Stephen W. Hamilton of the Custom House has felt quite well during the recent wet spell. Collector Erhardt raised his salary.

Bryan McSwyny is the descendant of fourteen Irish kings, but he admits that four kings in the hand are worth fourteen in the family Bible.

D. Lowber Smith, ex-Commissioner of Public Works, came to light the other day. It was the light of Gov. Hill's presence at the Hoffman.

Horace Greeley is in town again. He was seen yesterday sitting near the entrance to the Tribune building—a little bronzed but quite natural.

President D. Wyngat of the Fruit Exchange, is taking up the cause of the persecuted fruit-cart pushers who sell peaches one for ten cents.

Louis Aubrye is and may yet be known as the hero of Lion Park. He wears a handsome gold medal for doing the best shooting yet done in the Park.

Thomas Reynolds, not long ago "one of the finest" is now enjoying the result of a long and faithful service. He has been retired on a good pension.

The rumor that Frank Raymond lent F. S. Gibbs five dollars is unfounded. The report that Raymond worked hard to expel Gibbs is more like truth.

Dr. George B. Bradley is the latest announcer of the "fact" that consumption can be cured. This topic seems to be the perpetual motion problem of physicians.

Edward F. Underhill believes in the efficiency of clubs. As the oldest stenographer in the city he is the newest president of the Metropolitan Stenographers Association.

Capt. Michael Flaherty entertained Marco Carrojal, son of the Marquis De Penar del Rio of Cuba, some time ago. The captain was threatened but escaped—the lockjaw.

If the earliest bird gets the worm, August Delebar will be the next mayor of New York. He will be anyway if the Socialists can elect him. If defeated, he will bake bread as usual.

Herman Oelrichs is about town again, and hundreds of New Yorkers feel more at home. He squeezed into the little Garden theatre on the opening night without great inconvenience.

I. S. Plant, of the Hotel Vendome, says the patronage of his hotel by book-makers with tin boxes could never make him happy. He prefers people who have the tin without the box instead of within it.

Bridge Inspector Martin wishes it distinctly understood that he has no preference for any plan for increasing the terminal facilities of the Brooklyn Bridge. SIFTINGS is glad to assist in riveting that impression in place.

Gustave Kerker, composer of Castles in the Air, (but no victim of them) and leader of the Casino orchestra, is said to be the possessor of more costly presents from beautiful women than any other composer since Mozart.

Mr. Beekman, ex-Corporation Counsel, says that if a County Democrat succeeds Mr. Voorhis in the Assembly, "we" don't fight; if not, "we" do. "We" stands for that known yet unknown quantity called the County Democracy.

Captain McCullough of the Elizabeth street police station seems to agree to it that the Chinese must go. He recently gobbled \$500, 800 chips, 200 dominoes and 1,000 Chinese cards on one raid, not to mention sixty-six Heathen Chinese.

Daniel Lamont, who was the efficient Daniel of the White House when Mr. Cleveland took his meals there, is pushing the project of cable cars on Broadway rapidly into effect. He says that the cars will be the handsomest in the country.

Assistant District Attorney McDona does not show any evil results of his recent visit to Russia. On the contrary, a short visit in the shadow of the Czar and some athletic exercise with Russian names has made him better prepared than ever to fight these ills we have.

Lawyer Charles Haldane, who dwells legally in the towering Times building, believes that if the Elevated railroad does not give you a seat after it sells you a ticket the Elevated company is violating its contract. Oh, millions of violence!

Alderman Lynch is making himself popular with hack drivers and livery men. The council passed his ordinance punishing any person who hires a hack and neglects to pay for it with a fine of ten dollars. The gentle hackman may now lift his head.

Banker Seligman, Andrew H. Green and Willis S. Payn would make efficient controllers for the city of New York. But there is only one situation of that kind. Hence these schemings, these still and anxious manipulations of "two and two make four."

J. P. Farrel, ex-president of the Irish Home Rule Club of this city, has been under treatment by Dr. Gibier for a dog bite he received near Fort Hamilton. If Mr. Farrel escapes serious consequences, Dr. Gibier will know where he can get at least a night's lodging.

Captain D. C. McCarthy's march to the sea last month will be a memorable event in the history of Coney Island. His command carried one thousand rounds of ammunition and went, saw and left the elephant alone. Bill Nye did that much all by himself.

Rev. Thomas Dixon in a recent eloquent sermon thanked God for the Federal Election Bill, but particularly he thanked God for the fact that new men were coming. Indeed they are, Mr. Dixon, but it is ten to one that they fall into the ways of the old stock on hand.

Postmaster Van Cott appeared as an exhorter last week. He exhorted the public who mail letters in New York City to be more careful about writing addresses. He suggests that they always write the name of the county when sending a letter to a small town. The number of dead letters collected in the Post-office is decreasing.

Charles W. Anderson has been placed before the Xith Assembly District Association as a candidate for alderman and representative colored citizen. He was designated at the last meeting of the Association as "a perfect gentleman, a scholar, an eloquent orator and a true Republican." He is good looking, about thirty-five and speaks German and French.

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RELIEVED BUT
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New York Justice.

Chicago Man—"How do they kill murderers in your State now—by hanging or by electricity?"

New Yorker—"Neither. We let them die of old age."—Light.

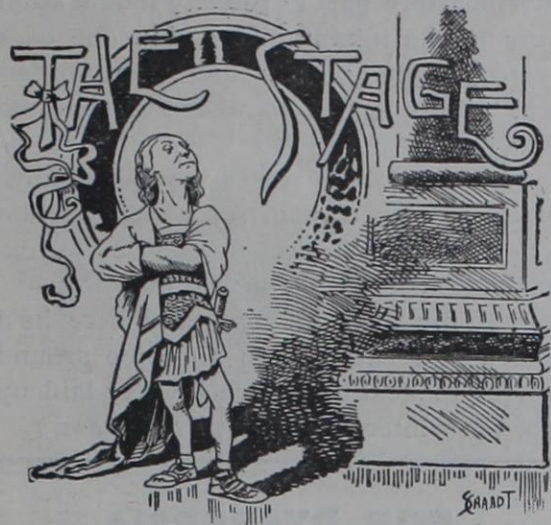
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



All the Comforts of Home is a title which lures most men, and it at once suggests comedy. It is a fitting title, one which leads us to expect a good deal when used as the name for a funny play, and William Gillette in his farce well realizes the expectations of the best theatre-goer. Mr. Gillette calls All the Comforts of Home a comedy-farce, but it has not that substantial wit which characterizes comedy. The performance of All the Comforts of Home fails to send even once, the feeling of keen pleasure along its hearers' nerves, the feeling of wit that is full of human nature and sinks deep, like Malvolio's display of vanity. But All the Comforts of Home is an excellent farce, one of the cleanest and brightest yet produced or adapted by an American playwright. It does not drag at all and holds its course more closely to the course of human nature than nine-tenths of the plays of its kind. One stage-setting only is used, the farce depending wholly on the strength of its story and the ability of its tellers for its effect.

The players whom the public has been hearing at Proctor's Theatre in this farce, give, on the whole, satisfaction. Some of them give the delight of true and able impersonations, and foremost among the few is Mr. M. A. Kennedy. If by any means the author now reads his title clear to calling his play something of the comedy sort, it must be by virtue of the easy, graceful, witty and natural portrayal of Bender, the retired produce dealer, by Mr. Kennedy. His acting alone makes it worth while to see All the Comforts of Home. Miss Ida Vernon, who is Mrs. Bender, stands close to her footlight husband in the excellence of her acting and leaves an impression of a vigorous female that cannot be soon forgotten. John B. Buckstone and Henry Miller are a good pair in the farce, though the former is a little stiff. Mr. Miller's part, however, is one of the peculiarly trying parts that seem to baffle the best actors. Tom Robertson as the broken-down music teacher, plays a hard part with a good deal of cleverness, but Herbert Ayling barely makes of his part what ought to be made of it. T. M. Hunter as the jealous husband and T. C. Valentine as the old Scotch friend are more than acceptable. Mr. Valentine's bit is noticeably good, and in spite of its brevity usually makes quite a palpable little hit all its own. J. B. Hollis looked the vapid Smythe, and pretty Maud Haslam, with her "sly, devilish sly" eyes, made herself a very toothsome dramatic apple-dumpling as Fifi, coquetting Fifi, the charming black-eyed opera singer who invited the gallant Bender to that champagne breakfast which he paid for but did not eat.

John L. Sullivan is to go to England and Australia as an actor.

The latest bulletin of the box office now is: "Fire department interferes."

The Hanlons are playing in Chicago with the plucky William at work again.

Mr. Miner's Goggles seem to fit the knows of everybody who has tried them in the handsome Fifth Avenue Theatre.

De Mille and Belasco's new play, Men and Women, will be produced at the Twenty-third Street Theatre October 20th.

Palmer's Theatre will be taken out of the list of combination houses and become the home of a good stock company. So says Mr. Palmer.

E. G. Gilmore and Alex. Comstock are to be the backers of Clay Greene's new farce A High Roller. Barney Fagan and Bob Slavin will be the stars.

Denman Thompson and his merrie companie are at home again in the Academy. It is exact to say "at home," for it is the fourth year of the residence of Denman the Benign in that theatre. Many new and beautiful things in the way of scenery are shown, and both Uncle Joshua and his Old Homestead seem brighter, finer and dearer than ever. The run of this play is one of the best proofs that ever came to light of the survival of the fittest. Manager Alex. Comstock and Messrs. Gilmore and Tomkins deserve great credit for the excellence they have contributed to the phenomenal run of a thoroughly commendable play. This is one of the few enterprises of the stage that are doing good in a charming way every night.

To-night (October 11th) Manager Hammerstein will begin his season of grand opera in English at his Harlem Opera House. The venture has attracted much attention and the career will be watched with interest by lovers of music and the drama all over the country. Mr. Hammerstein's company and chorus number fifty-five and his orchestra twenty-eight. The company will occupy the Harlem Opera House until next spring. Ernani will be given to-night, Faust next Monday. Masaniello which is third in presentation shows an eruption of Vesuvius in the last act, and it has been arranged to do this by electricity in a startling manner. Manager Hammerstein has declared his intention of making his English Opera Company a permanent New York institution, and SIFTINGS certainly wishes he may realize his fondest hopes.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable; small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

A Story With a Moral.

Sad-Eyed Spectator (at the races)—"I lost \$50 on that last race. Did you lose anything?"

Sporting Man—"Naw. Didn't bet."

"What! You didn't bet on that great race, the greatest race of the season! Why not?"

"I didn't know which hoss was goin' ter beat."—New York Weekly.

Too Much Excitement.

Mrs. Fletcher—"You, Sam, don't for to go an' make any noise 'round dese air premises; yo' poor ole fader's sick in bed wid dat nervousous prostrations."

Sam—"What fotched it on, mudder?"

Mrs. Fletcher—"He done gone and lose twenty-five cents on dem races today."—The Epoch.

Bad News.

"Are you prepared for the worst?" asked the lawyer of the convicted murderer.

"Yes; what is it?"

"The Westinghouse Company has interceded in your behalf, and may heaven help you!"—Puck.

Explained.

"I don't see how you can tolerate such an infernal scoundrel, I'm sure. It's very queer taste on your part."

"My dear fellow, if you could taste one of his dinners you would see it all."—N. Y. World.

Max O'Rell's Plea for the R.

"I think that if I were an American," writes Max O'Rell, "I should not object to catching the English accent, but all the same I sympathize with the American who, in a New York paper, has been exhorting his countrymen to avoid copying the mutilated English affected by some Englishmen. There is something slipshod about speech bereft of sounding r's, for instance, that I cordially dislike. It is a sign of effeminacy and want of sinew. The Incroyables, under the Directoire, started the absurd trick in France, and our young dudes have kept it up. It is their wont to talk of their honna bonha, etc., but if I had to choose between the "honor" of two men I would try that of the one who put in all its letters. Sturdy, honest folks who do not shy at their r's are not likely to shy at other things. There is something in the speech of a true Scot or a Devonshire man that gives promise of his energy or faithfulness. If two men came to you, one asking for waek and the other worruk, which would you be more inclined to employ?"

"I went one day to see a Scotch friend of mine married. When the bridegroom, holding the bride's hand, said 'I take thee, —, for betterer for wurrus,' I thought to myself, 'If I were a girl I should like to be taken like that.'"

INTELLIGENT people, who are familiar with the respective advantages which are offered by the several competing railroad lines between Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, and who desire to travel with the utmost speed, safety and comfort, always take the popular and reliable Chicago & Alton Railroad between these points, and passengers going to or coming from the South, via St. Louis, or when going to or coming from the West, via Kansas City, should insist upon having tickets that read over the Chicago & Alton. It is the only road with three complete and elegantly equipped trains daily between Chicago and each of the points named, and no railroad managers in America have a more intelligent appreciation of the wants of the traveling public than do those of the famous Chicago & Alton.

Customer—Where do these Puget sound smelts come from?

Fish Dealer—Oh, they make them at the Tacoma smelter.—West Shore.

Its Significance.

"Why is getting married called 'leading the bride to the altar?'"

"Because it leads her to alter her name."—West Shore.



Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
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They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Avoid substitutions offered.

Caught.

He—"Will you marry me?"

She—"Not if I know it."

"Then you will."

"How do you make that out?"

"I have already arranged it with your father."—Harvard Lampoon.



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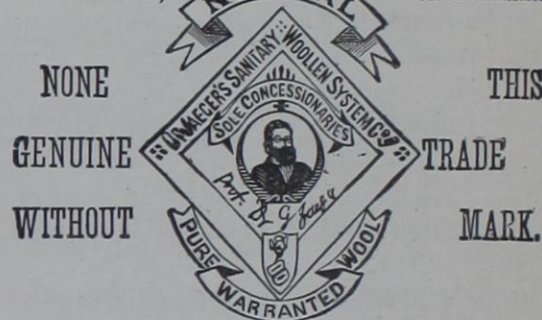
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M. DOMINICK, Superior.



Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



HE WANTED TO BE SURE FIRST.

FIRST PUGILIST—Wonder if Sullivan really means it when he says he wont go into the ring again.

SECOND PUGILIST—Why?

FIRST PUGILIST—Because if I thought he meant it I would send him a challenge.

They Were Honest.

The other morning as a farmer was coming into the city by way of the Grand River road, a bag of oats slid off his load unnoticed. A citizen stood at his gate and witnessed the occurrence without saying a word. When he thought it safe to do so he ran out to secure the bag, but as he reached it a second man came up.

"I saw it first," said one.

"No, you didn't!"

"I did!"

"You didn't!"

"Say, you!" both called in chorus to the farmer, and as he turned about each man went his way. As there was likely to be a fuss as to who should profit by the find, they decided to beat each other by being honest.—Detroit Free Press.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

Repairs Needed.

Mistress—"Mary, what are you doing with that clock?"

Mary (with servants' bedroom clock under her arm)—"Plaze, mum, Oi'm takin' it to a watchmaker's. It's all out av order, mum. Ivery morning at five o'clock it goes all to paces, and makes such a racket Oi can't slape."—New York Weekly.

Hot Springs, Arkansas,

The greatest winter resort and sanitarium in the world. All Eastern lines have now in effect a perpetual low round trip rate via the Iron Mountain route. For a new descriptive and illustrated book on Hot Springs, address any of the company's agents or H. C. Townsend, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent, Missouri Pacific Railway, St. Louis, Mo.

No Use for His Memory.

Parson Bluff—"Remember, you must give an account of all your actions and deeds when you go to the other world."

Jimmy Fastboy—"I'm glad you mentioned it. I am studying a new system of improved memory. I guess I'll drop it."—Yankee Blade.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

Worth Remembering.

The Sanitary News has collected these items:

Lime-water is good for chilblains.

A crack in the stove may be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.

A piece of zinc put on the live coals in the stove will clean out the stove-pipe.

Cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

The juice of raw onions applied to the stings of insects will destroy the poison.

Nothing is better than turpentine for the banishment of carpet worms, buffalo moths and insects.

Alum, dissolved in water and applied to a bedstead with a feather, will exterminate bed-bugs.

To make paper stick to a wall that has been whitewashed, wash in vinegar or salaratus water.

Molasses rubbed on grass stains on white dresses will bring out the stains when the clothing is washed.

A little petroleum added to the water with which waxed or polished floors are washed improves their looks.

To brighten the inside of a tea or coffee pot, boiled with water, add a piece of soap and fill for about forty-five minutes.

A small box filled with lime and placed on a shelf in the pantry or closet will absorb dampness and keep the air dry and sweet.

A little borax put in water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

Dampen your duster slightly before wiping off wood-work and marble. Use a cloth as well as a feather duster if you would be thorough.

Should you upset a bottle of castor oil on the carpet, the best treatment for covering the spot is to place the bed over it, a plan both cheap and efficacious.

Whisky will take out every kind of fruit stain. A child's dress will look entirely ruined by the dark berry stains on it, but if whisky is poured on the discolored places before sending it into the wash it will come out as good as new.

Never put away food in tin plates. Fully one-half the cases of poison from the use of canned goods is because the article was left or put back into the can after using. China, earthenware or glass is the only safe receptacle for "left-over."

Oil of peppermint in water diluted even to one part in one million will kill cockroaches in an hour, they dying of convulsions. One drop of the oil placed under a bell jar covering a cultivation of

cholera bacilli will kill both bacilli and spores in forty-eight hours.

Freemasonry at a Drug Store.

Scene: Chemist's shop in a temperance town out West, where, among other goods, "soda water" is retailed in pretty considerable quantities. Enter young man, who inquires if there is a vacancy for an assistant.

"Have you the requisite knowledge and experience?" was the proprietor's first question, as he drew the applicant aside.

"I think I may safely say I have," the young man answered in an undertone.

"Been long in the business?"

"Three years."

"Where?"

"In Milwaukee."

"Humph; what would you do if a customer gave you a nod of the head as he went up to the soda fountain?"

"Let him have good old corn brandy and soda."

"A couple of short nods and a clack of the tongue?"

"Fill the glass half full of Jamaica rum."

"If anybody asks for banana syrup with his forefinger and thumb stuck in his left waistcoat pocket?"

"He means cognac with ginger."

"Three nods while pointing with his thumb over the left shoulder?"

"Old Holland gin, and the same for his friends behind him."

"If somebody says 'Hudson,' and expectorates to the left?"

"Old corn with peppermint and worm-wood."

"Removes the quid from his mouth with his left hand?"

"Hand-made sour mash."

"Very good; that will do. You can start to-morrow. If anything out of the common is wanted—you'll find all these things in our cellar. You see, we have to be very careful in making up our prescriptions, as people's lives are at stake."—Mixed Drinks.

Preparing for Winter.

A real estate dealer who missed a number of the signs he had planted in the



DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver, and whole Digestive organs. 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, for the Blood.

northeastern part of the city took a scout among the inhabitants, and in one back yard he found no less than twenty different "For Sales," several of them bearing his own: "Apply to —." When he undertook to recover his property, however, a Polish woman set a dog on him and ran him off, accompanied by an exclamation which seemed to interpret:

"If my husband was only here he'd teach you better than to come around trying to steal the firewood we've laid up for the winter!"—Detroit Free Press.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of \$5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth." —P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases." —C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

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And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

THE CONVIVIAL NOSE.



I sing the nose, the kind that glows
With beauty alcoholic,
Whose every wart and bump arose
Through rout and genial frolic!
Around it jolly features lie
Like sunny fields of autumn,
And all its pimples seem to try
To tell what good times brought 'em!
Let other poets praise the red
Sweet beauty's cheek adorning:
Give me the blush that comes instead
From cocktails in the morning.
God bless the old sports, every one,
And keep them from death's fissure;
From Bismarck, huge Teutonic tun,
To Colonel William Visscher!

—George Horton.

THE ANGEL DEATH.

Strange, how we think of Death,
The angel beloved of God,
With his face like an asphodel flower,
And his feet with nepenthe shod.
Strange, how we turn and flee
When he comes by the sunset way,
Out of the valley of rest,
Down through the purpling day!

Why should we fear him so?
What doth the white one bear?
Hearts-ease of Paradise,
Lilies of purer air!
Comes he so soft, so kind,
Down from the singing sky—
Soft as a mother comes,
Stirred by an infant's cry.

—J. Buckham, in The Congregationalist.

A RHAPSODY.

The locks I love are golden-brown,
The fairest locks of all in town,
And worthy to adorn a crown—
A throne.

Their beauty is without a blot,
They shine as if with gilding shot,
And for their loss a world could not
Atone.

Alas! some hour they will be grey,
Would I could drive that thought away,
Or, for a time, that dreadful day
Postpone.

And who is then this maiden fair,
With such a sweep of glorious hair?
Whose are these locks beyond compare?
My own.
—Exchange.

IN MEMORY.

A wail of a child at midnight,
The chime of a minster bell,
The sorrowful moan of a sorrowing soul,
And the sound of a passing knell.

An old worn book, on a corner shelf,
And a spray of faded yew,
A locket with hair all golden and fair
And a ribbon of faded blue.

A needle-case, both empty and old,
And a case with hidden spring,
Wherein two golden watch-keys lie,
A heart—and a wedding ring.

I take the book from the corner shelf,
And the ribbon of faded blue,
And before me stands the form I loved,
With hair of golden hue.

And I gaze so long in those earnest eyes,
That my soul grows weak with pain,
Then she fades away—and I gently lay
The old book down again.

—Every Other Saturday.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Women Who Feel Young.

There's a sister I often meet in my travels. She is the good sister who "feels just as young as ever she was." She's a kittenish thing, yet she'd be a little more kittenish if she was a little less elephantine. Frisky old girl, how she does love to climb into the swing at the picnic! Weighs two hundred and fifteen and makes the swing creak like a hoisting tackle. "Higher, Mr. Thinshanks! Higher! Oh, higher! You can't frighten me. I'm not one of the scary sort of girls." You bet she isn't. Has six children, and if you'll mistake her for her eldest daughter—a sweet, slender girl, with an oval face, spirituelle expression, and figure as graceful as a swaying lily—she'll ask you to dinner for a week. Plays "Pussy wants a corner" and "Hunt the slipper." Loves to "teter." With an eighteen-foot board you have to pull all but about thirty inches over to your side of the trestle to make it balance. When the board is balanced right in the middle, she can fire the whole young men's Bible class up in the air as though they had been fired from a catapult. When her end of the board bangs down on the ground it jars all the buds off the trees. Fond of mountain climbing. Usually fastens on to a young man to drag her up. Older brethren too wary. They dragged her up hills when she was younger. Besides, the old youngsters retain their old-time prejudice in favor of younger girls. They help her daughters up. Man never mistakes mother for daughter going up mountain. Apt to make that mistake about luncheon-time only. Oh, we know the old-elderly—that is, middle-aged woman who is the youngest of the lot! And, knowing her, we fly from her, that is, as well as a man—who has long since shed his wings and raised a few achers of corns—can fly.—Robert J. Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Last Home-Seekers' Excursion for 1890.

The last opportunity of the season for inspecting the cheap farming, grazing, fruit raising, mineral and timber lands of Southwest Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas and Texas will take place October 14th. The Missouri Pacific Railway and "Iron Mountain Route" cover all portions of the above States with a splendid service of through coaches, free reclining chair cars, and Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars. Tickets are on sale at HALF RATES at coupon offices of all connecting lines in the North and East. Descriptive land pamphlets, county and sectional maps, time tables, etc., mailed free to any address. Write to Company's Agents or General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

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The editors of TEXAS SIFTINGS very sensibly have placed it in an Eastern atmosphere, and now no humorous paper is more generally patronized and supported by the South than it.—The Round Table.

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A large handsome map of the United States, mounted and showing North and South Dakota, and suitable for office or home use and issued by the BURLINGTON ROUTE, will be furnished responsible parties free on application to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

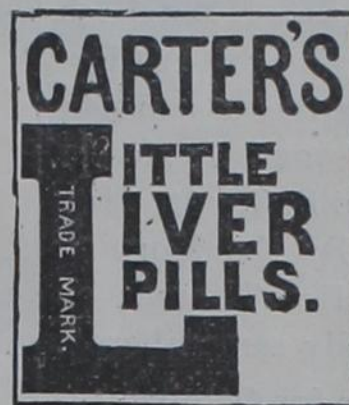
Saving Time.

Employer (angrily)—"Why are you throwing those circulars on the sidewalk?" Bill Distributor—"Why, boss, that's wot the people do that I give 'em to."—Puck.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,
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"A YOUTHFUL reader" wastes a two-cent stamp to inform us that the best kind of paper to make kites of is fly paper.—Detroit Echo.



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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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An average of not less than 100,000 persons read each copy of TEXAS SIFTINGS.—It has, therefore, over 1,000,000 readers.



Most, Crowell & Kirkpatrick, the well-known Philadelphia firm, are publishing an excellent reproduction of the painting Christ Before Pilate.

The October St. Nicholas is full of good things. The frontispiece presents a portrait by Holbien of the youthful King Edward VI., son and successor of Henry VIII. A sketch of Edward and his brief reign follows. W. O. Stoddard's lively story into the ring again.

cluded PUGILIST—Why? with PUGILIST—Because if I thought he

vic
184 they Were Honest.

morning as a farmer was the city by way of the Grand a bag of oats slid off his load. A citizen stood at his gate used the occurrence without paid. When he thought it safe ran out to secure the bag, but fit a second man came up. he was appointed in 1837. Previous to that he was an United States Senator. As Vice-President he gave the casting vote for the annexation of Texas. In 1856 he was appointed Minister to England, and he died in 1864. Mr. Dallas was a charming writer, and the diary which he kept during his mission to the Russian Court is to be published during the coming year in the Century magazine.

Mrs. Deland's Sidney comes to a conclusion in the Atlantic for October. The story is designed to enforce the theory that love and self-sacrifice are the things that alone make life worth living. Dr. Holmes's Over the Teacups describes a visit to a certain college for women, not a thousand miles from Boston. The

other striking papers of the number are a consideration of Henrik Ibsen's life abroad and his later dramas, Mr. Fiske's Benedict Arnold's Treason, Mr. J. K. Paulding's A Wonderful Scholar of the Sixteenth Century—Johannes Butzbach—Mr. McCrackan's account of Altdorf and the open-air legislative assemblies which take place there, and Professor Royce's paper on General Frémont. Miss Jewett's Maine sketch, By the Morning Boat, and a poem by Miss Thomas on Sleep, should be especially remembered.

The New York Ledger for October 4 is a mine of interesting fact and fiction regarding the South, both the New South and the Old. It leads off with a brilliant character sketch of Henry W. Grady, journalist, orator and patriot, written by Oliver Dyer, in which the effect on the New South of Grady's life-work is luminously explained. A crisp editorial on "The Marvelous Revival of Prosperity in the South" tells its own tale. The Old South is pictured in the opening installment of a Kentucky war story entitled "Reunited," the pen-product of a distinguished Southern officer. In "For Isobel," Maurice Thompson gives a vignette of ante-bellum life in Louisiana. James Parton tells the story of Caesar Rodney of Delaware. An illustrated ballad by Thomas Dunn English and a story by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr are published in the same number.

Chuck Purdy: The Story of a New York Boy. By Wm. O. Stoddard. 12mo, cloth, 318 pages, \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. A new story by the author of Dab Kinzer is always welcome to boys and girls and to the puzzled parent is often a direct solution of the problem "What shall I get?" In the story before us, to which Mr. Stoddard has given the odd title Chuck Purdy, he has presented an almost photographic reproduction of the New York boy of to-day—not the impossible creation that so many writers for the young have called the New York boy, the creature of the street, the dock or the home of the so-called "gentleman," but a real, living, active, inquiring, go-ahead New York boy, who goes to school and helps in his father's grocery store and goes crabbing in the Harlem, and sees and studies and stores his mind with practical, helpful, odd and entertaining studies of life in the great metropolis that make a boy of him and will surely make a man of him.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF HENRY W. GRADY,

BY OLIVER DYER,

Author of "Great Senators,"

Begins in the **New York Ledger**, issued Oct. 4th, and on the front page is a life-like likeness of Mr. Grady. This is the most accurate presentation of Mr. Grady's character that has been written, and it should be read by every patriot in the country, both North and South. "Reunited," a war story, by a popular Southern author, is begun in the same number, and there are contributions from **Amelia Barr, James Parton, Maurice Thompson, Jean Kate Ludlum, Helen Marshall North, Thomas Dunn English**, besides interesting miscellaneous reading matter. The **Ledger** is beautifully illustrated.

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Here is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way, and that too in drug stores where all sorts of inferior soaps, represented "as just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get Pears' Soap if they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

Shun Misrepresentations.

Where It Didn't Apply.

Sammy Kink (one of two colored pupils, on the opening day of the class)—"Joe, did yo' heah what dat teacher said 'bout de vacation?"

Joe (colored boy No. 2)—"I done fo'git. What was it, Sam?"

Sammy—"She said she knowed we had all been away on vacations in de country, cause we all looked so sunburned."—**Boston Herald.**

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"A little. He said he liked my nerve."—**Washington Post.**

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